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The majority of
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believe a spring
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A KNIGHT TO REMEMBER



Twentieth Century Fox,
The Westin Harbour Castle Hotel
and Maclean's would like to
thank all of the Kingdom of Heaven
contest entrants.

We had an overwhelming response!

Congratulations to our
grand prize winners,
David and Renuka Harris
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They will enjoy:

- First-class, round-trip transportation to Toronto
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KINGDOM OF HEAVEN
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THE EDITOR'S LETTER



'SHE WAS THE BEST'

Christina McCall was one of the most
admired reporters and writers of her time

ABOUT A DECADE AGO, I took a taxi down a rainy, leafy street in the Toronto neighbourhood of Rosedale and walked up the steps of a stately brick mansion, home to the journalist and author Christina McCall. She met me at the door, a small, dark-haired woman with a soft voice and a winning smile.

I'd recently been appointed editor of *Saturday Night* magazine, and something I'd done

had offended Christina. I can't for the life of me recall my blunder, or how we got past it. I also drew blinks on the interior of her house (beyond that it was grand), what she wore (except that she was neat), and what she served (if anything). Above all, I remember clearly was her polite but intense scrutiny of me.

She looked deep into my face when we shook hands. I felt her watching me as we sat down, and I caught her glancing at my shoes as we began to talk. Once we had worked through whatever unpleasantness lay between us, her smile appeared, beautifully, and she asked permission to pose some questions. Where had I come from? What did my father do? Where had I gone to school? Where had I worked? When did I live? Who did I read? Why did I write?

Most of my responses went over with encouraging "ah-hahs" before she asked her inevitable supplemental: "It won't be long before I noticed that my answers weren't half as interesting as her questions. I have never, before or since, been probed, teased and stared in as glibbed and open a manner.

As I came to know her, I learned that Christina approached almost everyone she met with the same combination of curiosity, meticulousness and grace. Indeed, it was her mind, open and in life and at work. One could find those same qualities in every line of her prose. They are what made her a supreme master of her craft and



one of the most admired reporters and writers of her time.

Christina McCall began her career as an editorial assistant at Maclean's in 1957. She wrote in these pages over two decades and rose to the influential position of associate editor in the early seventies—one of the magazine's most celebrated eras. Her book *Crises: An Intimate Portrait of the Liberal Party* is the best yet written about a Canadian political party. She co-authored with her husband, Stephen Clarkson, an equally impressive biography of Pierre Trudeau. She was the loving and devoted mother of three daughters. She was also a wonderful friend, colleague and mentor to many (including, despite our antagonistic beginnings, me). She died last week at age 70.

I invited several of the journalists I admire most on the steps of St. Thomas's Anglican Church after her funeral. We were all short of words. One simply shrugged and said, "She was the best." There was nothing to do but agree.

KENNETH WYATT

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF GLADIATOR



KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

THEATRE PRESENTS THE PICTURES OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A FILM BY MEL GIBSON "KINGDOM OF HEAVEN" STARRING RUSSELL CROFT, JACQUELINE BISHOP, AND OTHERS. CASTING BY JACQUELINE BISHOP. COSTUME DESIGNER JACQUELINE BISHOP. MUSIC BY JACQUELINE BISHOP. EDITOR JACQUELINE BISHOP. PRODUCTION DESIGNER JACQUELINE BISHOP. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JACQUELINE BISHOP AND JACQUELINE BISHOP. PRODUCED BY JACQUELINE BISHOP AND JACQUELINE BISHOP. WRITTEN BY JACQUELINE BISHOP AND JACQUELINE BISHOP. DIRECTED BY JACQUELINE BISHOP.

MAY 6 ONLY IN THEATRES

UPS is helping Canadian bath products soak up the U.S. market

Lush Canada needed help. Demand for their bath products had grown significantly and their e-commerce business was thriving. U.S. customers made up the majority of their online business and that trend was increasing, according to Sam Atad, Lush Canada's Web & Mail Order Development Manager. The challenge was how to handle the U.S. volume surge without having to worry about border delays, customs brokerage fees, and unexpected duties and taxes.

UPS had the complete solution.

Using UPS's Easy Direct® Cross Border service, Lush was able to ship into the U.S. market without actually having to open offices there. And, with UPS's integrated customer order processing and tracking tools, multiple orders are consolidated into one shipment and customs cleared as a single entry, reducing transport and customs brokerage costs. Once abroad, the shipment is sorted at a UPS facility and delivered to customers throughout the U.S. The service is so seamless that customers rarely notice they are ordering from another country.

A Partnership for Success.

More than just cost savings, the partnership between Lush and UPS has enabled customers receive orders faster, order fulfillment is more reliable and less costly and inventory management is tighter. In addition, staffing time spent on tracking was reduced by 50%. So, as the popularity of their handmade cosmetics continues to increase, Lush Canada enters the next phase of their growth confident they have a supply chain that can keep up.

WHAT CAN BROWN DO FOR YOU?



THE MAIL

1983 to 1987 as CEO of Alcan's operations. As a former federal cabinet minister, I was asked occasionally to explain the opportunities to visiting Canadian companies. In those days, that was not so self-evident. Today it is a no-brainer. My recollections of those meetings are still clear to this man, the Canadian business delegation knew very little about India or potential partnerships, had done no serious market analysis, and were about as prepared for meetings as your average tourist. No minister or PM can compensate for those shortcomings.

Hugh Franklin, *Executive France*

Facing the music

It would seem, by reading your story about Alicia Monsette and her plan to sell an acoustic version of jagged Little Phil at Starbucks ("Don't Straddle," Music, April 23), that writer Sharda Datta has never been a Monsette fan. From her remarks about who found the original 1995 album appealing and why, to her scathing account of Monsette's career since, Datta's piece really riled the track. Monsette's transformation from a rock act of desperation, they're glimmers of the artist evolving and sharing her talents. After selling more than 30 million records, she doesn't owe any of us an explanation for her actions.

Ken Looney, *St. Catharines, Ont.*

The Monsette piece was uncharacteristically early and came across as a childish rant that treated as a Canadian singer/songwriter who is not only a quality musician but also someone who has dedicated time and resources to local charities. Alicia Monsette is an excellent role model for my teenage daughters. When I see how badly we treat our talent, I wonder why they even bother to give interviews. Even if your writer, and by extension, *Music* isn't, does not appreciate Monsette's music and her message, she deserves to be treated with respect.

Audie Tykajl Williams, *Pepperell County, N.C.*

So much sex, so little room

I was writing in response to Amy Caporale's article "Campus Kama Sutra" (*Life*, April 4)



Monsette should be treated with respect, a reader says.

about sex columnists in college newspapers. In the article, Caporale refers to a sex column printed in *The Star*, Memorial University of Newfoundland's student newspaper. The column received much feedback, both positive and negative. Caporale claims the editor-in-chief refused to print the second half of the article because of ruffled feathers. This is incorrect. I was the editor-in-chief. Frankly, *Life* didn't have cared less how many eyebrows the column riled—really, the more the better. I refused to run the second half of the article out of space concerns. I would

have made the same decision if it was on our masthead.

Devon Wells,
St. John's, Nfld.

That hair, those eyes, those arms. I was tempted to accuse Monsette of sexism in its cover story on Telinda Stroeck ("Telinda bellissima," April 18). Surely, I

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WHAT CAN BROWN DO FOR YOU?



thought, the male politician in Canada would ever have his looks, his clothing and his personal life subject to such scrutiny. This remembered Pierre Elliott Trudeau. The companion, however, does Steneach no favours. Trudeau had his faults, but he never shed away from making his opinions known. Steneach seems limited to making fuzzy pronouncements on economic issues such as, "the panacea of labour, economy, jobs, prosperity, competitiveness." Well, isn't everyone? Is this the best the Conservatives can do? No wonder they're in no hurry to force an election.

Don Stewart, North Vancouver, B.C.

I reread in Ms. Steneach's riding and, although I am not yet a supporter of the Conservative party, it am becoming a believer in Steneach herself. When I read her saying, "I believe in the right to choose someone's marriage when it seems to me odd marriage. I also believe in the rights of

churches to choose whether or not they wish to perform same-sex marriages based on their principles," I urge her to stick to her guns. Everyone's rights are at stake. Politicians who speak against same-sex marriage and "in defence" of the heterosexual institution of marriage are really trying to deny a very basic human choice to a group of people they don't like. I am hopeful that Steneach's conservative business agenda, along with her progressive social values, can soon become the agenda and values of her party and the country.

Audrey 1926, Mountview, Ont.

Thanks for your mini-page feature on Tereasa Steneach. I learned a lot. She may or may not be sleeping with Peter Meekay like his expensive clothes. She knows a lot of rich people. This is the kind of really deep stuff every Canadian would want to know, right?

Don 1926, Regina

MACLEAN'S 100 | FROM OUR PAGES

Cold War coverage with a distinctive Canadian perspective

IN AUGUST 1945, Allied planes dropped a new type of bomb on two Japanese cities, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and brought the Second World War to a horrific close. An article in the Oct. 1, 1945, *Maclean's* explained that "one single atomic bomb has more power of devastation than 14,000 tons of old-style bombs." As nuclear-age tensions escalated between the Soviet Union and the West, the Cold War began in earnest. A 1947 article opened with an illustration depicting "what an atomic bomb [exploding] over the center of Portugal is and how could do to Winnipeg." Such in 1947, the story started, would likely have 40,000 people dead, 60,000 wounded and at least 280,000 homeless. A 1948 article, "The Death Ray is here," stated that all large cities would need hundreds of shelters with concrete walls at least 14 inches thick to protect against the "atomic-bomb blast and radiation."

Maclean's covered the Cold War from a distinctly Canadian perspective. In 1950 Ottawa editor Blair Fraser questioned whether, because of our reliance on our neighbour's military superiority, Canada still had any freedom of choice in its military affairs. He concluded that the country was "inescapably bound to an American chariot." Canadian officials, Fraser added, believed that "we should at least try to stay in the front seat, where we can talk on good terms with the driver." Fraser's question is still being debated today. — Pamela Hargreaves

Portage and Main, graded photo

From Our Pages celebrates *Maclean's* centenary

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UPFRONT

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Police | Using an innocent to flush out a bad guy

Have Toronto police crossed the line on the hunt for a pedophile? In February, the force's child exploitation group took the highly unusual step of releasing a photo of a crime scene dressed to look out a blond girl of about eight or nine. Her abuse at the hands of an unknown pedophile had become a staple of online child porn. With an estimate of the photo being circulated, a Toronto resident called to identify the furniture from a stay at the Disney Port Orleans Resort in Orlando, Fla. Orlando police confirmed the tip but the leads ran dry. So last week, in another controversial decision, Toronto and Orlando police released the photo of an unknown dark-skinned girl they hope might know the victim. Ultimately, they are using her as a pawn.

Police don't believe—but can't say for sure—that the dark-haired girl has been molested. The connection: her photo was stolen at about the same time, three to four years ago, and on the same couch as the victim, and detectives found the image in an online newsgroup frequented by pedophiles. The theory is that the two are somehow linked and that identifying the brunette girl

Police believe this photo, based on a website frequented by pedophiles, is of a material witness, not a victim.

might lead to the other—and perhaps her abuser. But this latest fringe has raised a storm of debate.

Clayton Ruby, a Toronto defense lawyer, asks what happens if, because of the photo, the victim's identity becomes known to her classmates. "Her life would be ruined," he says. He goes on to argue society doesn't tolerate unsavory mood swings or torture to sub criminals, and "we don't consider it worthwhile to risk a victim's life in order to catch the person who's victimizing."

Florida law prohibits police from releasing photos of sexual abuse victims. But there is no such law in Canada. Toronto Det. Ian Larnaud says there are no plans to release a photo of the blond girl—police speculate she lives in northwestern U.S. or southwestern Canada—but he won't rule that out. "What lawyers think doesn't really concern me," he says. "To leave a child in a sexually abusive situation simply to avoid identifying her doesn't make any sense." **DANIEL HANAUER**

ScoreCard



GEORGE BOWENING

Two years, two poems/ 17 lines of verse/ And much rhyme/ From a Toronto, paid by the public purse/ For the taxpayer's share/ Isn't it time to make his life guiding tourist? Or did he know, retrospectively, that he'd been asked to the Canadian Senate?



STANDING ROOM

As if one doesn't spend enough time in queues, in Australian cemetery will bury bodies upright to save cost and space. Crying, sure, but for eternity? Why not compromise with a nice comfy chair?



TOAD KILL

Mystery melody telling roads in Germany and Denmark. Amphibians swell to three times size by fire, laser, recalcitrant, even paperwork explosion. No evidence because a fire is human, still, not the kind of frog you want caught in your throat.



SOUTH BEACH

As if Tony Paul Martin isn't beset with enough problems, his wife has put him on a low-carb diet. Experts applaud but suggest exercise healthier than food diet. Stephen is a per game, he wants PM to take a hike.

Quote of the week | 'This is huge. It's kind of like finding Elvis.' FRANK GILL

former science director at the U.S. Autism Society, on the surprise sighting in Arkansas of the ivory-billed woodpecker, thought to have been extinct for the past 60 years

Mansbridge on the Record



FROM THE HEART

Nowhere are Canadians more appreciated than in the Netherlands

IT'S ALWAYS SPECIAL to witness your country being thanked, and as a Canadian, there is nowhere the thanks are as sincere as the ones offered in Apeldoorn, Netherlands. Apeldoorn is one of many Dutch communities that witnessed the sacrifice of Canadian blood in the liberation of their country. Young soldiers from across Canada fought their way up from France and through Belgium into Holland to end the war in Europe 60 years ago this week.

I was in Apeldoorn in May 1995 for the 50th anniversary. Canadian flags were flying everywhere—from street signs, lampposts, apartment balconies and our aerials. Hundreds of thousands of people, many from surrounding towns and villages, lined the streets to watch Canadian veterans walk by, just as they did all those years ago when many were still in their teens. I saw more than a few children with one arm around a parent's neck and the other reaching out to touch a vet. At one point, a woman asked a young Apeldoorn mom why she felt it was so important to bring her five-year-old to the celebration. Her answer was simple: "I wanted him to know what a Canadian was."

That answer has stuck with me, especially when we have such a hard time trying to answer the question: What is a Canadian? The Dutch have no such trouble. To them, a Canadian is someone from a far-off land who raised everything to liberate them from one of the worst kinds of aggression the world has ever seen. As the mayor of Apeldoorn said to me later that day, "You must

“Dutch children, as part of their grade-school curriculum, help lend the Canadians gratitude so they too, will never forget.”

have experienced occupation to know what freedom means. And then to appreciate who gave it to you.”

The Netherlands is good at remembering, partly because there is so much to remember. The country fell to a Nazi invasion that took just days, and then it suffered through five years of brutal rule that left tens of thousands dead. In that last winter of 1944-1945, the occupiers brought in a rationing program that meant starvation for thousands more, and for some of the living, food was so up to the neck. It was in this horror that the young Canadians came by ground and from the air, and they took by the thousands. In war, sometimes across the Netherlands they'll see 3,200 in Groningen, 1,355 in Hilversum, 968 in Arnhem or Zeven, and hundreds more elsewhere. Dutch children, as part of their grade-school curriculum, help send the Canadians' gratitude so they, too, will never forget.

There was always at every gathering, including this heart-breaking one about one couple who stayed long after the fighting ended to help with everything from milk delivery to reconstruction. In the Holland cemetery are buried two 24-year-olds, Edward and Winifred Bessner. He was a member of the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, she was in the Canadian Women's Army Corps. Theirs had been a love story in the mode of a war-zone country that led to marriage on April 14, 1946 and ended tragically the next day when they died in a car accident.

This week, the Canadian veterans, fewer in number and walking a little slower now, make their way back to Apeldoorn, many knowing this will likely be the last time. The flags will be there and so will the crowds. And so too, will the thanks of a grateful nation. **■**

Peter Mansbridge is a Staff Correspondent at the Canadian Press and author of *The National*. blogs.cbc.ca/petermansbridge

FaceTime

Supreme surrogate

Even now, it seems, can be cheaper when you buy in bulk. For US\$15,000, 35-year-old Teresa Anderson of Phoenix, Ariz., had agreed to be a surrogate mom for a childless couple, Laila Gonzalez and Enrique Merino. Five fertilized embryos from the couple were implanted in Anderson to increase the chances of one taking hold. But when all five developed,



she wanted her five in light of the added costs the new parents would be taking on. The quins, all boys, were born by Caesarean section at 33 weeks. Four are doing well for pre-term; one will undergo surgery to fix a defective heart.



Find the love: British-born Hunka and his long-time partner David Hunka announced they will be the last to star this year. After British regulars civil unions for gay couples on Dec. 5. An extra tip: Over a decade, the two

could have easily married here. But not, a 42-year-old filmmaker, is from Toronto. But that might have expected them into the midst of an election cycle, a time they might not yet expect. Stephen Harper's Conservative, of course, are fine with civil unions for gay couples, as the Brits are announcing—but not full marriage, which the Liberals back. You can almost hear the boy election cry: It's good enough for Obama...

Hunkaag

The name means front in Inuktitut. Earl Wensley's new rainbow-hued symbol for the 2010 Winter Olympics is not exactly being welcomed with open arms. Some, obviously not hockey fans, have compared him to a goalie. (Downside: no equipment, jets, but when the dream?) Others see Gumbel. (Bonus: A Gumbel is a colorful mix.) The most sport are West Coast natives and



even some that also aren't happy with their symbol being taken for granted. They wonder what this ancient master for ancient warriors is doing in a city by a sunbaked, rolling valley where the igloo hotels are, perhaps?

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INSPIRATION COMES STANDARD

Alzheimer's patients in a highly experimental procedure to keep brain cells alive longer. They now report that six of the eight are doing well and that their cognitive decline has slowed noticeably. Two others suffered complications because of the way their surgeries were initially carried out.

CANADA

SAME SEX Adding a little water to their wine, Anglican Church of Canada bishops voted for a two-year moratorium on blessing gay marriages, so they can consider the issue more fully. The proposal must still be approved by the entire council. Canadian—and U.S.—Anglicans have been asked to withdraw from a world church body because of their liberal views on homosexuality.

AIR INDIA Ottawa asked former Ontario premier Bob Rae to meet with governments, legal officials and the families of Air-India victims to determine if a public inquiry into the 1985 bombings should be called. He is to report in a few months.

HUNGER STRIKE An 85-year-old woman on a fast, *Caroline's*, fasting home was on a hunger strike of water and ginger ale to protest against staffing shortages in the

provincially funded facility. Marie Grédes, a diabetic, says having two caregivers for 17 patients is not enough.

EVEREST Sean Egan, 61, a kinesio professor at the University of Ottawa and an experienced climber, was helping to become the oldest Canadian to climb the world's tallest mountain. It was not to be. He died of an apparent heart attack while returning to base camp to try to fight off an infection.

SUNOS Beer snipers cited no hockey, no smoking bylaws for pubs, and "especially odd weather" in Atlantic Canada after an ad campaign on socializing for a huge US\$4.6 million first-quarter loss for the newly merged Molson-Coors Brewing Co. Along with the poor showing, the beer maker announced the exec who helped orchestrate the deal, former Molson CEO Don O'Neill, is moving on.

FISH Newfoundland crab fishermen shifted their weekly long trawls over to Hibernia Bay, home of the Come by Chance oil refinery, after a court injunction stopped their

trawls from blocking busy St. John's harbour. The crabbers are upset at provincial plans to reorganize the industry and, they say, near their sales.

FEDERAL BIOLOGIST Ed Toppel won the World Wildlife Fund's Smart Gear award this year for helping develop a glow-in-the-dark fish net, moulded after kids' glow sticks. It is supposed to help whales and other large marine life avoid becoming entangled.

HEAVILY FISK Foreign Affairs has asked the U.S. and Britain to help investigate the death of a Toronto-area truck driver, Ali Alwan, 44, who was killed in Iraq last month, perhaps by U.S. forces. A dual citizen, Alwan had returned to Iraq in August with his family.

NOT SO EXTRACT In federal barrens, the Seivie First Nation from central B.C. has not issued since 1996. But when bones from an old burial site became exposed at the Koomrope, RCMP had no problem removing them for cultural use. Marilyn James, a representative of the Skeena Arrow Lake Indian, which claims about 6,000 members in B.C. and Washington State, James came forward when the land about the find, because of their designation as sacred, she said, "it's very hard for people to make contact with us."



CAMEL CULL

As the hunt for camels, a herd of running, all the kind of three kinds of camels that come the dry lands, have convinced the government to allow an aerial cull of the ungainly beasts, using helicopters. These wild creatures are growing up for a cruel hunt-like fight. They say the first time they were killed in wolf holes and goats, it was a bloodbath.



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Mary Janigan | ON THE ISSUES



THE GROWING GREENS

Once almost evangelical, Canada's environmental party is going mainstream

IF YOU WANT to know how Ed up Canadians are with politics in 2004, how die mayed they are by the questionably scandal, you need only track the amazing ascent of the Green Party. Although in this place in the polls, it has achieved in all time-high nationwide. And while it fishes most heavily from NDP support, the former tree-hugging group is plying votes from every nook along the political spectrum.

This is both remarkable and unsettling. Founded in 1983, with no formal links to other green parties during the 1980s, it scored only 0.5 per cent of the vote in the 1993 federal election. Last year, with candidates in all 368 ridings, its share rose to 4.3 per cent. Now, Green support ranges as high as 10 per cent. And, according to Ekos Research president Frank Graves, who put them at the per cent in early April, that support is viable: the vast majority said they voted for the Greens last year. And 10 per cent of other parties' supporters view the Greens as their second choice. "This is not just a one-day wonder," marvels Graves. "They have a surprising level of loyalty. They can square."

How did such appeal in part, Canadians have become very environmentally conscious. Greenways 95 per cent now support the reduction of the Kyoto accord on global warming. And they have little faith that traditional parties, including the NDP, can deliver results here.

But the Greens themselves are evolving from grassroots, almost evangelical movement to a more traditional political party that brokers

competing interests. Tied and vying to promote low-budget oil production and coal highway subsidies, a market-oriented agenda is struggling to emerge. The party's narrow deficit and would pay down debt. It would lower tax on income, profits and investment to foster productivity and jobs. And it would use the tax system, including a controversial carbon tax on coal and fuel, to penalize polluters and promote smart energy usage. Leader Jim Flaherty even styled himself as an "ecological conservative." As University of British Columbia political expert Allan Zuckerman says, "The party is integrating environmentalism with market economics. And Canadians no longer see a single split between environmentalism and economic growth." The Greens, in effect, are starting to look like Red Tories.

Still, Canadians should be very sure that they are voting for the Greens' relatively radical platform—which includes a vote to ban all uranium mining, and 60 per cent carbon "TV" content in prime time—and not simply registering a protest. The stakes are high: in an act of belated conversion, former PM Jean Chrétien copped donations to parties—and provided \$1.75 per vote from the funds for each vote in a general election. The Greens are now getting \$1 million a year from Ottawa, double what they spent in the 2004 election.

Voters may be fed up with the anguished self-serving deals between mainstream parties and ad agencies. But until we clean up the contract-tendering system itself, every party will eventually be suborned by power. True, green parties in nations such as Germany are now solid members of governing coalitions. But voters should be sure the Greens' evolving amalgam of the practical and the highly problematic is what they really want. Accidents do happen. **B**

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Passages

DIED Drowning in person, music in prose, Christina McCall was one of the country's premier political journalists. She was the author of *Crash*. An intimate chronicler of the Liberal Party and, along with political scientist husband Stephen Clarkson, the two-volume, award-winning biography of Pierre Trudeau. It opened with the oft-quoted line, "He beams as still." McCall, who began her career at Maclean's and was once married to fellow riding czar Peter C. Newman, died in Toronto after a long illness. She was 70.

DIED A temper player, he was one of the CBC's original Happy Gang, a musical comedy group that began in 1937 that Toronto-born Robert Flinn became much better known in Britain as a



composer of light orchestral music, for film and concert, and is a friend of jazz great like Dizzy Gillespie. Flinn died in his sleep at home on the British island of Guernsey at 87.

DIED Said to have been the oldest living Member, Ragsdale (Red) Hansen, a rugged Pull of Paine delinquent who captured the Winnipeg Maple Leafs and led the NHL in penalty minutes during eight of his 12 seasons (1928-40), died in Toronto at 98.

NOMINATED David Wilkins, speaker of the South Carolina legislature and a top Republican fundraiser for George W. Bush, is the White House choice to be the next ambassador to Canada. Wilkins, 58, has only been here once, in the 1970s, to visit Niagara Falls.

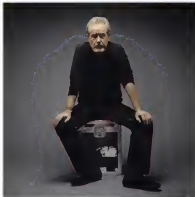


SELECTED Dr. David Nagler, 50, dean of medicine at the University of Toronto, will become the school's president—more of Canada's most prestigious academic posts. Law dean Ron Dennis, who was rumored to have been in the running, is leaving to be professor at the University of Pennsylvania.



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Interview | RIDLEY SCOTT

'HE WAS FORGETTING THAT THE CRUSADERS WERE THE BAD GUYS'

MAKING A ROMANTIC epic about the Crusades—and a hero of a Christian defending Jerusalem from a Muslim invader—sounds like a dodgy proposition. But with *Kingdom of Heaven*, Sir Ridley Scott navigates a minefield of issues to make a movie that glorifies neither while preaching tolerance. After *Gladiator* and *Black Hawk Down*, the 57-year-old director offers another spectacle of noble warriors on the wrong side of history. In here it's Saladin (Orlando Bloom), a knight who beks the wife of a Christian leader, inherits the defense of Jerusalem, and confronts Saladin, a wise Saracen leader, in 1187.

A period film says as much about where it's made as when it's set. How does your movie reflect this era of globalized holy war?

Oh, my God. The impulse to make a film about a knight was the driving force. Why a knight? It's the same thing as why a cowboy. They were characters I was brought up on. They were decency, guts, and tend to

roll down to action—not necessarily slaying somebody's head off, but action in deed and voice. In a funny way these guys are always great politicians.

There's no villain on the Muslim side in *Kingdom*. With a Christian hero, did you feel the need to make the bad guys crusaders?

No, they were the bad guys. You have to give pause and think, were they justified? Saladin was so well armed, he froze anybody anything Jerusalem would have. When you say, "God is on my side," and you think you'll defeat these 300,000 troops, are you being arrogant, or driven by fervor?

The word "Crusade" has become loaded since President Bush used it, then retracted it, before he launched Iraq.

He was forgetting that the crusaders were the bad guys. Europe was a bleak and miserable place run by a ruling class, which was also the Church. Who is critical forever—let's take back this Holy Place. Everybody got on the bandwagon for 200 years. Growth, young men, you might do better down there.

Doesn't war always represent that frontier for young men with nowhere to go—like American kids who end up in Iraq?
Yeah. I'd hoped *Black Hawk Down* would put recruiting to rest.

In *Kingdom of Heaven* an anti-war film? Whatever you're doing it with research and accuracy, it's got to be an anti-war movie.

How do you reconcile that with an audience looking for bloody adventure?
I tried to make *Black Hawk* not like *Band*.

And *Kingdom of Heaven*?
At the end of the day, the message is really about tolerance. You have a man who is really pretty a man who's reasonable. One is saying, "Should we surrender?" Perhaps it's better because it will prevent more going crazy over what is essentially a dream.

Will the new Pope like your film?
Maybe. This sounds like some brainless filmmaker saying, "If we had tolerance, there would be no problems," and all that bollocks. But I've made three films in Muslim countries in the past five years. On *Black Hawk Down* I was employing 1,000 Muslims. *Kingdom of Heaven*, some deal except bigger, probably 1,500 Muslims. I get out of the car in the morning and the only problem is how to get through because they all want to shake hands. There's a metaphor there.

So is Hollywood the new Jerusalem?
Well, I wouldn't want to say that.

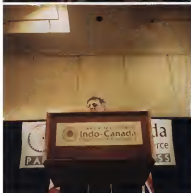
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Highlights from Harper's April 25-26 tour of southern Ontario. It was pitched as a chance to showcase his more personable side—even as the Conservatives' southern crest to sag

MEET THE REAL STEPHEN HARPER

Passionate, flexible—maybe even impulsive? It's time to rethink our view of the Conservative leader, reports JOHN GEDDES.

JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING you have repeated about Stephen Harper does more to obscure than reveal him. It's safe to be a policy wonk at heart. But soft he rises accomplishments to date, encompassing the merger of the Canadian Alliance and the Progressive Conservatives, the work of a master tactician? He's often described as lily conventional. But how does that square with his career impulsive gestures, such as his up-and-downs after the 2000 election, in which he eventually declared himself for Alberta first, the rest of Canada a distant second—a recklessly boisterous move for a man with national aspirations? And then there are his own frequent claims

that he's a reluctant politician, uncomfortable with putting himself on display. Odd, then, that Harper plays such a personalized brand of politics, concerning himself as an ordinary middle-class guy, concerned about saving for his two kids' educations, against a disaffected Prime Minister born to political influence.

As for the debate about Harper being a social ideologue, for the most part, been put to rest. He now seems willing to bend on issues (on the breaking point, critics say)—his Conservatives have recently said they would even implement the Kyoto climate change treaty. That has driven home the message that he has grown more flexible as a middle-aged Tory leader than he looked capable of back when he was a whipper-snapper Northern policy thinker. In fact, whippersnaps that he has now said have gradually replaced the old charges that he was too brittle. Which leaves the voter with a nagging question to answer as the country lurches toward an increasingly probable spring election call: who is this guy who looked last June like he might become prime minister, and has emerged less than a year later as even more of a threat to even Paul Martin from 24 Sussex Drive?

Harper, 46, was born in Toronto and grew up in a prosperous suburb. He briefly joined Pierre Trudeau's Liberals as a teenager, but it didn't take. His political awakening came a few years later, after he moved to Alberta to join briefly in the oil industry (his father worked for Imperial Oil) and then study economics at the University of Calgary. Harper came under the thumb

of one of his professors, Robert Mundell, and was quickly caught up in the university's ferment of right-leaning economics and politics. This was during the early 1980s, when the revelations of Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher overhauled world political debates everywhere. But it was a distinctly Canadian approach—the controversy over Trudeau's National Energy Policy—that really got Harper's juices flowing.

Harper has often spoken about how the damage the NEP did to Alberta's oil-patch economy, the layoffs and ruined businesses, turned him into a political activist. He went to work for a Calgary Tory MP, Jan Blawie. After growing disillusioned with Brian Mulroney's Conservatives, he switched to Preston Manning's eclectic Reform movement, gaining attention in 1987 as the youngest party's rising young policy chief. As an economist and a methodical platform architect, he was pegged as a man, if not a dry, up-and-coming Tory. But this put him somewhat at odds with the party's populist right wing into politics—how much he despised Trudeau.

This negative impression has stayed with him. Shortly after Trudeau's death in 2000, Harper wrote scoldingly of his feelings toward the dominant political figure of his youth. He scolded running into the former prime minister by chance on the streets of Montreal in 1999. "There I came face to face with a living legend, someone who had provided in me both the joys and burdens of my political passion, all in the form of a rant out, little, old man," Harper wrote in a newspaper column

that stood out from the flood of Trudeau tributes. "It was an experience at once unforgettable, nostalgic and haunting." He went on to denounce that old swath of legacy in the basement room. No early did he whole Trudeau's policy mix of "entrenchment, socialism and bilingualism," he even indicated him forbidding to occur in the Second World War or oppose the Soviet Union. "In those far times," Harper wrote, "the ones that truly defined his century, Mr. Trudeau took up arms."

It would be hard to find another major Canadian politician who has laid bare the essential core of his politics so starkly. No matter what one thinks of Harper's harsh verdict on Trudeau, his assessment can't be described as cool. And perhaps his caustic survey against an iconic Liberal is showing these days in Harper's eagerness to end the complex tale of the sponsorship scandal in proof the whole piece is rotten in the core. Indeed recently *The World* conceded that it is possible only now Liberals are guilty rarely is possible, even Moly, concludes of Justice John Gomery's inquiry—Harper swept off the distinction between the misdeeds of a few and the culpability of all Liberals. "I think at this point we're arguing about the details," he said.

Many voters cynically don't see the scandal in the same stark terms. Last week, a Strategic Counsel poll showed the Liberals pulling slightly back ahead of the Conservatives, after Martin went on TV yesterday to call an election within 30 days of Gomery's final report last this year. Even as the Liberals slog through the muck, Canadians still don't seem ready to leap to the Tory alternative.

Harper has long been quicker to reject Canada's ruling elite than the average voter, at least since he swung from the Tories to Reform in the mid-1980s. Yet that passion seemed to go unrefined by time, who saw only Harper's meticulous, economics-based approach. Harper was viewed as a cold fish in comparison to the kindly fellow Deborah Grey or Manning himself, with his little red polka-dot tie. Harper was one as the hard core non-conservative, inspired by Reagan and Thatcher, were to the University of Calgary's brain trust, but without much in the way of political contacts and skills. No doubt his appearance reinforced that impression of detachment. In past elections chiding enough to count as a task in the country's entangled and winning arena!

Yet Harper's impact inside the Reform party came more from the way he pushed a particular strategy for winning than any set of policies. According to his closest adviser, University of Calgary political science professor Tom Flanagan, Harper outlined Manning for pursuing a "hire-and-fire" strategy, whereas Harper wanted to go after the mass of middle class voters in central Canada. "He pointed out," Flanagan wrote in *Waiting for the Wave*, "that the rural resource-producing regions did not have a large enough population or enough parliamentary seats to achieve Manning's goal of some day forming a government."

Harper moved as a Reform policy chief and then as an MP until 1997, when he quit to lead the National Citizens Coalition, a right-wing lobby group. He said he was leaving because he wanted to speak his mind more freely than being an MP allowed. But as NCC president, his most controversial comments, arguably, were not ideological free-flowing arguments on the merits of the day, but a strategist's duty to reason observations about party affairs he had supposedly left behind.

Perhaps his most outrageous speech during his NCC stint was one he delivered in April 1998 to the Mortgage Lenders Association of Alberta. In it, Harper reckoned, in the spirit of a good news/bad news, how in the spring of 1996, when he was still an MP, he spent a few weeks away from the public eye in 1997 lay after the birth of his son, Benjamin. Apparently fatherhood put him in a mood of mellow introspection. He came to a turning point: his rejection of the Progressive Conservatives—the very Foundation of Reform and of his own partisanship—had to be mirrored. Harper decided Reform's name and principals needed to be merged with the "Tanco" punchline for incremental change and strong sense of honourable compromise. "This was the way to win. Still, he viewed Manning's United Alliance bid to use a grassroots process to bring the parties together as discredited. Harper said only negotiations hand-crafted along the lines of a business merger would work.

And that's exactly what happened, of course. Harper came back from the NCC to win the Canadian Alliance leadership in 2002. Joe Clark was Tory leader then, and wouldn't seriously consider a merger—as Harper realized that the following spring, Peter Mackay succeeded Clark, and once



After reaching a merger deal with Mackay May 1998, Harper took his family with him as he campaigned in last year's election

though Mackay had never met to pursue a merger, Harper shrewdly said him up as a likely deal-maker. He pushed for negotiations to be treated like behind-closed-

a guy who can make things happen.

If Harper's voice for making conservatism an electoral contender in Canada has been remarkably consistent, his discipline when it comes to sending a valuable message is less reliable. The same deep-seated anti-Liberal, Alberta-centric passion that lay at the root of his partisan drive sometimes seems to prevent him to vent opinions that don't serve his long-term ambitions. The best-known example is the open letter to Ralph Klein, which Harper signed in early 2001, along with five other Alberta political and academic right-wingers. The letter urged the premier to "build broadly around Alberta, to limit the extent to which an aggressive and hostile federal government encroaches upon legitimate jurisdiction."

Harper's adversaries will forever cite the letter's evidence that he doesn't

HARPER'S impact inside the Reform party came more from how he pushed a strategy to win than any set of policies

see Ottawa as having a legitimate role to assert the health care. Last month, for example, even more revealing of Harper's black-and-white mind, as it stood up before he published alone in December 2000, just after the bookend Day had Alberta's defeat by John Christian's Liberals in that fall's election. He admitted Day had run a poor campaign, but still attributed the Alliance loss to Liberal shortsightedness on Day's Alberta base. In Harper's view, the fact this play had worked was evidence that anti-Western policies "has an enormous impact in this country," he boldly concluded. "Alberta and much of the rest of Canada have embarked on divergent and potentially harmful paths to delivering their country." How did he define those two paths? Alberta was "open, dynamic, and prosperous," while "Canada's apparent content to become a second-rate welfare state."

It's hard to imagine Harper would have published these harsh words had he considered how they might weaken the support in federal politics. Now he drags that baggage with him, a potentially embarrassing liability as he tries to solidify his image as a national figure and a moderate leader. He doesn't talk

that way anymore. But he's still far from going the previous route: autonomy and more money, though he insists he's not preparing "a major resurgence of open hostility." Exactly how he envisions the rebalancing of Ottawa and the provinces is not clear. Whether even he knows a consensus much would depend on negotiations with the provinces. "What I've discovered here is not a simple thing," he admits. "It requires significant agreement."

While his vow to renegotiate federalism could be big stuff, much of the rest of his policy under Harper is muted. The party is committed to the status quo on abortion. The old Reform preoccupation with environmental reform and direct democracy has all but disappeared. Now for Harper is willing to go on cutting taxes remains to be seen. "I have been persuaded that the safest way to power is to take no chances," says Rick Anderson, a former Manning adviser who has worked with Harper since the old Reform days. "Intelligent political parties evolve and rethink things, but what's going on is not an updating, it's an erasing."

Others are more forgiving of Harper's appeal to the mainstream. "I don't think he's changed his views," says University of Calgary political science professor Barry Cooper. "It's really a matter of recognizing you create problems to people in Ontario who have a problem with Westerners."

Don't expect more provocative policies to emerge in the campaign trail. The strap speech Harper was just driving in Ontario last week showed off little of his alleged ideological toughness, and a great deal more traditional partisanship. As one right-wing Liberal put a higher priority in getting foreign workers into Canada than immigrant MBAs and MBAs, the Liberals' old plan would end up making life as so expensive young couples couldn't afford to have kids. Liberals spent money on new executive jets for cabinet members instead of upgrading Canadian Forces equipment. Good housing, material, no doubt, and there are even grants to help build them. But these expensive lines hardly support the view of Harper as an aloof economist who doesn't care much for performance politics. He delivers that material but too much risk for anyone paying attention to buy him. Even more telling is his willingness to promote his personal attacks in *Leading*

'WE WOULD CREATE INVOICES'

And if there wasn't enough creative accounting, Ottawa would demand more. PAUL WELLS reports.

ROBERT ST-ONGE never meant to become a proxy for everyone who feels he got taken to the cleaners in the advertising scandal, and when his moment in the spotlight came, he made no attempt to hide his vile mood. But sometimes perfectly innocent people wind up in the wrong place at the wrong time. It was St-Onge's name that showed up on many of the fake invoices that made other people rich on taxpayer dollars. St-Onge didn't do the work. He never saw a dime of the money. When the depth of the creative accounting was revealed to him—with Justice John Gomery and much of the country watching him

revelations—he was not a happy camper.

St-Onge is a freelance creative director in Montreal's bustling advertising industry. For several years he worked on contract with Paul Coffin, an Adcoam ally who had a rough couple of days on the witness stand last week. Coffin's testimony amounted to a reluctant but, in the end, detailed confession that he had submitted fake invoices in return for much of the \$2.7 million he pocketed from the sponsorship program, beginning in the late 1990s. The week's biggest revelation was that Coffin did the falsifying under instructions from his friend Chuck Gault, the now-retired Public Works bureaucrat who was the program's manager.

That's right: If Coffin was working as a subcontractor you can do what you want to do, by his own account, with help from Gault. And if Coffin ever began to dip into the public trough, he was restrained with a helpful glower: all from Ottawa. Every March, near

the end of the budget year, the phone at his Montreal firm would ring. The call would come, he told Gomery, "from somebody at Public Works, saying, 'There is a bill to match in the budget. Are you sending more invoices?' We would immediately send more invoices to complete the budget." Anyone who's worked in a bureaucracy recognizes what's going on here. Gomery asked Coffin the paid was to use up Gault's entire budget allocation before the fiscal year ran out: "Coffin agreed. And how would he do that?" "We would create invoices," Coffin said.

"We'll get back to Coffin shortly but you're angry at the thought of an email call from Ottawa asking for more fake invoices, among us how St-Onge felt to see his name on them. St-Onge is less and belatedly scruffy in a very Montreal way. He was soft spoken during his brief testimony, but the more he talked the more he did learn. St-Onge had come up with a concept for sports in

Canada's Olympic athletes. Coffin found him corporate funding and, of course, taxpayer funding through the sponsorship program. St-Onge billed, and was paid, \$17,500 for all this work. But Commissioner Coffin noted \$115,000, by billing for work nobody had done. And it wasn't until last week, as Marie Cossette, a member of the inquiry team, walked St-Onge through the company's books, that the man realized he was the victim of creative accounting.

St-Onge was so upset he was barely propelled into the stand-person singular. "Did you know Mr. Coffin was pocketing that kind of money from your company?" Cossette asked him. "No, sir. And Monsieur is now pleased that it is so," St-Onge said. Coffin asked: "Have you learned something?" "Absolutely," St-Onge replied, sounding to the first person and a little bit of contempt. "I got it right. Everybody thought to have made money off my concept, except me." Gomery smiled, the particularly mournful smirk that has become one of his trademark expressions. "We won't even tell you how much Laffair made," he said, referring to another agency that had profited from St-Onge's diligence and ingenuity. "That would be a whole other..." St-Onge's eyes then off. "I have a bad cough, a case of Chlamydia, sir, Mr. Commissioner. Thank you. Incredible."



It was a rare moment in these hearings the sponsorship program whodunnit to be critically innocent. He was a reluctant witness after such a parade of people whose claims to innocence—or his truly indolent, forgetful and almost—seem to have to square with the documentary evidence.

Testifying under a publicist's hand that Coffin told such after he left the stand, Coffin toyed deftly with all these dodges before Cossette and Gomery looked him squarely in the eye as a succession of ordinary questions he found himself repeatedly forced to answer. Each time, Coffin—whose round face, now carries a semi-permanent expression of worry—folded in on himself like a deflating balloon. He got rather from the sponsorship imbroglio than he has ever been, and he now wishes he had never been smacked with such good luck.

It has become popular to talk about the "Liberal-friendly ad agencies" at the centre of Adcoam, but Coffin was a "very active" Progressive Conservative, and he was friends with two main Ottawa, Gault, and Gault's successor as the sponsorship program's main administrator after 1999, Pierre Tremblay. Gault was already a controversial member of the public service when he turned up advertising contracts for Coffin with the Ministry government of the late 1980s and early 1990s.

Gomery (the left) heard from St-Onge (left, right, Coffin (left, bottom) and Gault, whose testimony may prove to be explosive.

The two-faced frequently Coffin ended up being Gault's primary boss.

Coffin and it was Gault who, from "day one" of the sponsorship program, told him to submit invoices for hours nobody had worked. Getting confirmation from Coffin took several weeks of stern questioning from Gomery as he pushed Coffin through

AS BAD as the Adcoam scandal has been for the government, there may be new revelations to make things even worse

several lines of defense. "I was in and again stupid," Coffin offered, weakly.

No good. "But who was asking you to bill in the first?" Gomery asked. Coffin tried again. "For the time being, I will say the department"—that is, the federal Public Works Department. No dice. "Yes, but the department doesn't have a name," Gomery said. "You know, Mr. Coffin, if you're talking it out loud here today and you have

got yourself into a lot of trouble, it's because somebody led you astray. And it would like to know who that person was," Coffin folded. "Mr. Gault."

All of this is the long way of saying why Gault's testimony, which began last week under its own publication ban, is so critical to Gomery's work. A very large amount of shadiness and pretensing has been parked at the retired bureaucrat's door. So far, it's simply brick-batting at Gault's political bones. If Gault bears responsibility for the fake invoices and the millions of dollars up to his political boss in Christine's PMO, then, as bad as this has been for Paul Martin's government, it can only get far worse.

Witnesses after Gault will include representatives of the forensic auditing firm Gault hired to follow the Adcoam money trail. Koffi Lindquist says that he has something pending, but work, not accounts that, after all these months, Koffi's accountants haven't yet traced the Liberal Party of Canada's office. Perhaps they think that relatively little of the Adcoam money that lined the pockets of private sector politicians wound up in the party's accounts. Or perhaps they were simply wrong to the north before laying siege to the Liberal books. The Gomery commission is now conjuring revelations as it will ahead.



READING THE TEA LEAVES

Polls may show separatism rising, but there's no crisis yet, says BENOIT AUBIN

WAS THAT SCHRIMPING under the leaf? And **marking in the dirt?** The old bogymen of racialist unity, who were to be stamped out by the sponsorship program, staged a much-mooted comeback last week. New public-opinion polls in Quebec showed Liberals in disarray and the Bloc Québécois poised to capture half the vote in the province. The erosion of the Liberals' support—from 54 per cent in the last election to 23 per cent according to the latest CROP Inc. poll—could translate into a minority in 60 of the province's 75 seats going to the separatist Bloc, leaving as few as 15 for the Liberals, compared to the 21 they currently hold. Two opinion polls also showed support for Quebec sovereignty rising—with one, by LeDevoir Marketing Inc., suggesting that the Gensim farm has pushed it over the majority threshold to 54 per cent.

So, what's Canada to do? Hide under the leaf? Beg Quebec to leave, now? Pull the panic button? Well, hold the flags—Meedell Lake, that ain't Black when the flag-meedell refers was finally rejected, in 1990, agitation was such in Quebec that, had he decided to follow his flock, then premier Robert Bourassa could have easily become the first premier of the new republic. At the time, Senator Jean Charest Blais, a close adviser to Bourassa, caused the economic line: "Quebec and Canada can live in peace and harmony forever, as long as they don't talk about the same thing at the same time."

But now? "You don't fall any of that agitation," *Forest told Maclean's* last week. Indeed.

While Canada Day may not get huge crowds in Montreal, sovereignty is not the first choice

Interviews with various specialists and regular Quebec voters suggest there is no genuine national unity crisis to deal with. The outrage in Quebec over the dubious sponsorship program—promoting to some national unity with flags, propaganda and jolly bagpipes—is not morphing into a national earthquake threatening to break up the country, at least in the short term.

But what about those polls? Are we having a Meedell moment, speaking about the same thing at the same time? Let's talk about the old scenarios—or rather, revisit them. "Sovereignty" does not translate well into "separation," for starters. The latest compares up a hostile glint whose main objective is to break up the federation. Quebecers know hostility to Canada is not a driving factor. For most, "sovereignty" is the issue of an

overriding debate over how best to protect their main culture—within, or without, a life was, "national unity" sounds like a vicious, heartily rejected in English Canada. But for many Quebecers, the connotation is the mutualist credo which all provinces are not identical equal and sister—while Quebecers consider themselves distinct, at least.

In *passim*, says CROP polling expert Claude Guérin, "we have to be careful while assessing results. Some say they would vote yes to sovereignty, along with always an association with Canada (out of a sense of identity, for others, it's expressing an ideal, or simply it's a bargaining stance. There are hard yes's, and soft ones as well."

According to Jean-Marc Lévesque, CROP's main, his company's poll "does not say Quebecers are out to break up Canada. Sovereignty is clearly not their first choice." Sure, 54 per cent own support "sovereignty"—but of those, 56 per cent also said they want Quebec to continue being part of Canada. Only 40 per cent of sovereignty supporters say on "your 'part of them' hard-core separatists who don't mind breaking up Canada. That puts the hard line at only 23 per cent of the total population.

But there is widespread anger, and it is palpable. The Lévesque poll said 76 per cent of Quebecers feel "betrayed" by the Charest government. CROP found that 75 per cent say they have little or no confidence in politicians. So people are disappointed, mad, and they want to punish the Liberals—not destroy Canada. You don't need polls to know that. Just be the stress of Montreal's luncheon, and you'll hear it all.

"To punish the Liberals, voters will say part the Bloc, but mostly as a protestive measure," says Michel Couture, vice-president, sales, for a software company. "But people here would be demanding much better reasons to vote for separation for their own sake." According to Genevieve Guérin, the HR Director of a shipping company, "We can be outraged that these people thought they could claim the issue of constitutional reform by blowing money around and planting flags everywhere, but I don't see how that could help turn a federalist into a new Quebec separatist." And, says Michel Lévesque, a 30-year-old self-proclaimed sovereigntist: "I hope the Gensim inquiry will make everyone realize that referendum is a trap and no, because that's an issue for other provinces

as well. But I don't see why Quebec would want to separate over the scandal."

The next, well, politics. "I don't think the scandal brings any new argument in favor of separation," says Jean-Henri Gagné, a political science professor at the Université de Sherbrooke. "It may improve the opposition's outlook somewhat, but it doesn't mean a show of force."

"WE HAVE to be careful assessing results. Some say they would vote yes, but there are hard yes's and soft ones."

The Parti Québécois is not in good shape, divided over leadership and referendum strategy. Both issues will be tackled during a much anticipated "national" convention in June. Joseph-Henri is a former Parti Québécois cabinet minister and still a committed sovereigntist. "If the PQ does not state clearly, soon, that a vote for them equals a vote for sovereignty, then they'll be told

they won't have a clear mandate to proceed when they come back in power," he told Maclean's. But, of course, there are others in the PQ who believe that such a clear statement could be enough to help Jean Charest stay in power.

Claude Castonguay is no separatist, but the former minister and Liberal cabinet member is an angry Quebecer too. "I don't know what Mr. Charest thinks we are," he says. "But thinking he could bring Quebec back into the constitutional fold with propaganda and flags is offensive and upsetting." Ah—there's a big part of the problem: we've wanted to forget it, but Quebec has not signed the Constitution of 1982, and subsequent attempts at solving the problem have failed. "And after each attempt, a number of Quebec voters have expressed the need of the amendment," Castonguay says.

No. March, The Bloc? Distinct society? Special status? Devolution? Associated status? "What's clear in the poll," Lévesque says, "is the wake-up call. Canada shouldn't run the risk of losing another referendum take place."

Constitutional talks, anyone? M



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NOWHERE TO GO BUT DOWN

Wall Street is betting that music phones will knock iPod off its pedestal

TO SAY APPLE COMPUTER is hot just doesn't do the company justice. Apple is soaring, soaring, soaringly hot, not to mention hip, with a side order of funky. Last month, the company reported record quarterly profits—a US\$624-million, six-fold rise in the bottom line—driven primarily by the five-fold increase in sales of its ultra-trendy iPod portable music players. Given global acclaim the world has bestowed Apple the bearer of all things cool. When they think about heaven, they imagine Apple CEO Steve Jobs waiting at the Pearly Gates, handing out their own customized iPod programmed with the billion coolest

songs ever conceived by the mortal man. So how come the company's stock dropped 34 per cent in the two weeks after it released these phenomenal results? The answer is equal parts technology and history, and it boils down to this: being top dog is always tougher than being the dyanese upstart, and Apple observers have learned from painful experience that just when it seems there isn't a cloud in the company's sky, it's time to start getting out your umbrella.

But before we get into the weather forecast, it only seems fair to recap the company's remarkable success and give credit where it's due. About four years ago, Jobs saw the exciting wave of digital music before any of his major industry competitors, and rode it flawlessly. Near the end of 2003, he introduced iPod, and it quickly became the thing of choice for millions of consumers to join the online music revolution.

The principal breakthrough features of the iPod are its ease of use and huge memory capacity, allowing consumers to create a personal jukebox with thousands of songs, all in one case as small as a burrito. Sleek and sexy and mouth helped push it across the all-important dividing line separating the merely cool from the fabulously hip—a transition that's worth billions to any company that can figure out how to make it. The iPod and the related iTunes online music store now account for 38 per cent of Apple's business. Not bad for a product that didn't even exist four years ago.

Now, about these storm clouds. In recent weeks, Apple's fans have seen the music business often an apt metaphor in under-

stand its troubled history—the company is like a band that has come up with some of the catchiest tunes of the past 25 years, but has never been able to produce steady great albums. And even the best songs lose their appeal after a while, especially when they spawn an entire category of copycats. That is where Apple finds itself today, having just performed what might be its greatest hit ever, with the rest of the world looking in at it on the scene and the crowd wondering what comes next.

Ask anybody who owns an iPod, and they will tell you with religious zeal that this little music box is the greatest thing in the history of things. But the world's cellphone giants are already taking aim at Apple's favorite portable music workhorse with their own

A new from is about to open up in the battle for digital music supremacy, and the fight will come down to a question of which gadget has a stronger claim on your precious pocket space. In order to believe the iPod will hold off the advance of the music phone, you have to believe that consumers are so mesmerized with thick styling and so enamored that they will be willing to carry two gadgets instead of one. That styling is a serious advantage in the world of electronics, where fashion and taste are constantly shifting tides, and cool becomes quaint faster than a pro-team can say "I'm bored."

Even Apple seems to be quickly forgetting tougher times ahead. When the company reported its record second-quarter results, it didn't raise its targets for the third, and company executives were quick to warn that the recent pace of growth can't go on much longer. The implicit message is their conservative forecast serves to confirm the worst suspicions of the Apple doubters: that the best performance of the iPod show are over, and there will be no more.

For those who love Apple's products, this will just so happen. The company has made an art of innovation—from the personal computer itself to the point-and-click operating system—only to invariably run into the high sales ground in the boring knock-off arena who copy Apple's best ideas into a new and slightly cheaper model. So it's not surprising Wall Street is already bracing for another disappointment.

The thing most people don't understand is that business phenomena and pop culture unfold on different time lines. When a cultural trend reaches its peak, no best days as a money-maker are often past. That's why, while the buzz on the street is still all about iPod, the talk in the business community is that Apple's cute little music boxes are yesterday's arena.

Read Steve Mach's weblog, "All Business," at www.machiro.com/allbusiness



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SAVE THE NHL?

The can't-miss kid is just what the locked-out league needs, but his dazzling skills could be wasted in the pros, writes CHARLIE GILLIS

ON THE FIRST TRULY WARM DAY of a Gaspé spring, Sidney Crosby is juggling the pond back into hockey. He and his Baronsville Gothic teammates have gathered at the Colisée, a gracefully spung 4,300-seater perched about a kilometre above the St. Lawrence, and their home in the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League. They've just completed a second-round playoff sweep of the rival Lévelines Marmettes, and their reward from coach Denis Labrecq is this morning is a break from the regular grind of practice, four on-four shrimpy instead of wind sprints and line drills. About 100 fans have gathered to watch, lining the boards and huddling in the cool-coloured seas above. Schoolchildren clutch hockey cards and posters, readying their pens for post-game autographs. At the rink's north end, greying rain clouds in a row behind the glass, their eyes glued to Number 87.

At 17, Crosby has been touted compared to Wayne Gretzky, Mario Lemieux, Joe Sakic, Bobby Orr, Steve Yzerman and—in one recent newspaper article—Elvis Presley. The latter was presumably based on his ability to fill buildings, which he's been doing since his gold-medal performance in January at the world junior hockey championships. And there is an unmistakable air of teen idol about him, too, with floods of adolescent girls appearing at his road games throughout Quebec, rushing the bench after practice and squealing as he skates by. You could forgive a kid for loving his focus.

But give Crosby some space in an up-tempo game, and you soon get a glimpse of the substance behind the delirium—a unique blend of skills that fan NHL general managers considering which limb they'll saw off to get him



into their team's jersey. Today, his talent is in full flight. Thirty-seven seconds after the puck drops, he freezes a defender with a shoulder fake, takes the open lane to the net and deposits a shot behind the goal-tender, Scott Fraser. Another goal follows on his next shift, and by the end of the scrimmage, Crosby has returned to defence, having scored four goals, assisted a brotherly rime and waged a couple of mano-a-mano battles along the boards. When he emerges from the building, he's still cooling adrenaline, yet hardly seems

Crosby, who was already winning trophies at age 15 before, did his first interview when he was only 7



in 1984, yet never given his cup of coffee in the NHL. At 30, Sidney was riding afternoon bus routes in the Halifax Forum, where students would throw out plastic stools and balls for the kids to use during the last 10 minutes of each session. Even then, says Troy, he looked like a pro. "He seemed to know instinctively how to hold a stick, and he could keep the ball away from the other kids." Shiny on nearby Baum Lake would come later, as would games in the family basement in Cole Harbour, N.S., during which Sidney cleared the dryer beyond recognition with his wrist shot. To his mother, Troy's amazement, the appliance works to this day.

What gets less attention is the grueling exercise regime Crosby adopted in his early years, strengthening his quadriceps, hamstrings and abdominal muscles while his friends were chatting clips and playing video games. "Leg strength, speed and agility are going to help me move as a player," he explains matter-of-factly. "And balance. I have to be able to fight off bigger, stronger guys and at the same time stay flat. It's not always easy." His training obsession reflects his competitiveness: he routinely hit the ice 45 minutes before practice, he's usually the last to leave, and he puts in about 90 minutes a day, five days a week, at the gym. "He doesn't drink any pop, doesn't eat sugary stuff, doesn't stay out late, doesn't have time for girlfriends," says Jay Boucher, an assistant coach with the Oilers. "He wants to win so bad he can't even play a game of cards for fun."

But the work ethic also stems from Crosby's own beliefs about the game, underpinned by his on-ice experience. His father's hometown legend and his own formidable knowledge of hockey history. Scoring goals, he argues, is harder now—not just because leagues allow obstruction, but because the average player is bigger, faster, stronger and better coached. The result, he says, is an ice surface that feels more crowded, where checkers smack puck carriers in an instant, ensuring playmakers have milliseconds to select their moves. "There's not much you can do that's different from anyone else, to make you that much better," he says. "Everyone trains in the off season. Every guy's on shape and he has to be his complete." Factor in advances in scouting—from the so-called "scoutery" positional adjustments to lightweight padding—and you have a goal: to outmaneuver the likes of the NHL, his rarely seen, ice-bound Oshers. The returnback has up while Crosby's Edmonton Oilers broke the 400-goal mark in season scoring five separate times in the 1990s, the Ottawa Senators topped the league in 2003-04 with just 162.

No surprise, then, that Crosby's beliefs are partly distancing himself from the Great One's hold predictions. "It's not like you can say, hey, this guy's going to be another Wayne Gretzky," he says. "I don't think anyone is that right frame of mind would just put that pressure on himself. You'd drive yourself crazy."

There are ample signs that he can through most of Crosby's responses. He does not consider himself



Crosby is trying to make the most of his final weeks playing for Rimouski

special. He accepts the sport as it is. He is a hockey robot, not a muscle warrior. And yet the hope persists throughout the hockey community that he will transcend the game's flaws, and become the lightning bolt for some sort of freewheeling revival. Even as the lockout drags on, top officials with both the NHL and the players' association are talking up the need to return with a faster, cleaner product to win back fans. Both sides view the arrival of Crosby as pivotal to that strategy. "I know for a fact they work to capitalize on it," says Pat Brisson, Crosby's agent. "He's very articulate and well spoken and the league has to take advantage of this. He can deliver a clear message for them."

But if he's not allowed to excel, what kind of message does that send? That Perrow, chief lawyer for the National Hockey Federation, doubts that Crosby or anyone else can turn back the clock to the Gretzky era, because it would mean paying coaches, players and managers away from the prevailing market that defines every game. "A collection of mine would be the other day, 'What's the last time you saw somebody introduce a new offensive strategy to the game?'" says Perrow,



Another Gretzky?

"You're going to have a lot of young guys coming up who are going to be like Crosby."

who played eight seasons in the NHL. "Our hockey people, our coaches, are finding ways to defend. But we're not finding ways to score goals."

Bill Benney, coach at Middlebury College in Vermont and a leading advocate in the U.S. for cleaner, more wide open hockey, is steadily personifying it's sportsman railing against defensive "systems" like the neutral zone trap, which he says hold down to little more than interference and obstruction. "I think when he's judged against his contemporaries, Sidney Crosby's going to come out with flying colors," he says. "It's just a shame he won't be able to give us as many of those Guy Lafleur-type moments in his night if the game was allowed to proceed the way most fans would like."

The NHL responds? Well, you've heard this before, but there is a consensus among owners, players and managers that it's time to replace the clogging obstruction rules and make rule changes necessary to let the game breathe. "Everyone recognizes that when we move back, we have to add this guy to the list," says Gary Bouchard, the league's spokesman in Toronto. "That's what came out of the GM's meetings." The NHL has tried to do itself several times,

of course, with crackdowns on stickwork and the introduction of obstruction penalties in 1996. In each case, the resolve of on-ice officials melted as the season wore on. But sources close to the rules say the collective will really is stronger this time. While general managers would 30-0 one year ago against allowing two late games, for example, many—possibly a majority—are reportedly interested in giving it a go when play resumes. One source said rule changes are "definitely coming," and are bound to be dramatic.

IN THE MEANTIME, Crosby is making the most of his time in a league where he and his team reign supreme. Driving north through the snowy streets of Rimouski, he appears less concerned by the goal drought in pro hockey than by the challenge of getting a potential game going against his teammates. Working his cell phone and consulting with Yarnick Dumas, the team's PR man, who is riding in the back seat, he names out potential venues, sighing at one opponent's lamentable policy of closing on Sunday. On the dashboard is a dog-eared sticky note bearing a list of cryptic, badly outdated reminders. "Xmas gifts. Jersey. Meeting with women." He's left it there over the holidays, he explains, and it was still there on Jan. 7, the day Rimouski's unbeaten streak began. "You're a little superstitious," he says. "So I didn't want to take it off." Now all the guys on the team know about it.

Brownie told of saying his client was five years older than his age, and as pressure mounts on the young phenom to discuss his future, it's easy to see why. In recent days, speculation has arisen over what he'll do if the lockout destroys next season. Crosby has shaken off the questions with a response as honest as it is empty: he'll play in the best league he can, whether it's the European circuit, the American Hockey League or (if it ever gets off the ground) the World Hockey Association. Then, out of respect for his fans, he quickly changes the conversation back to the task at hand, namely winning the QMJHL playoffs and getting his club a berth in the Memorial Cup. "After that," he says, "I'll be the time to decide what I want to do with my future."

It's as if he's gradually aware he's entered a special, fleeting phase of life—a kind of golden age. He speaks with a mix of uncertainty he'll soon leave behind, and of Rimouski, a city that welcomed him with open arms. "After the year is over this guy is going to go different ways," he says over lunch, glancing out the window. "We've just got to take advantage of all the time you can hang out." It sounds a bit odd coming from a 17-year-old kid who, if all goes as planned, has huge American, international fame and his own playing year ahead of him. But Crosby has a reputation for making the most of his surroundings, and bringing fun to the game whenever he plays.

Under the circumstances, the NHL's task does seem so hard, while the lockout appears almost doable. If he's able to do his suffering best, let this kid show his stuff.

THE OLIVIERI CASE REVISITED

Author Miriam Shuchman takes a hard look at the celebrated whistleblower

WARS, EVEN THOSE FOUGHT on principle, are inevitably muddled affairs. And so appears to have been the case with the all-out battle waged between Nancy Olivieri, a respected physician and scientist at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, and Apotex, one of Canada's largest pharmaceutical companies. Their fight over the safety and effectiveness of CL—an experimental drug to help patients with thalassemia, a rare blood disorder—made international headlines in the late 1990s. To many, it seemed a clear case of laboratory David taking on behemoth industry Goliath, as Olivieri struggled

against threats of legal action, besieged by her bosses and scornful colleagues to publicize her concerns. But a sensational new book, *The Drug Trial* by Miriam Shuchman, to be published on May 3—suggests the science and ethics of the case were far more complex than most people believed. And that the doctor, who became one of Canada's most celebrated whistleblowers, was wrongly may have ended up hurting the people she was trying so hard to protect—thalassaemic patients.

"I think there are people who would be alive if CL had been used and be available to North

America and I feel they stayed on it," Shuchman said in an interview. Though the reasons why are still unclear, her book reveals that thalassemia sufferers in Toronto have been dying in greater numbers over the past few years than those in the United Kingdom, Cyprus and Italy—places where the drug is still available and widely prescribed (The difference in death rates may also be a result of problems with the way care is delivered in Ontario.) "Nancy Olivieri isn't the one who approved drugs in North America," says Shuchman—but the doctor's well-publicized struggle has helped shape the

'PATIENTS ARE FALLING BETWEEN THE CRACKS'

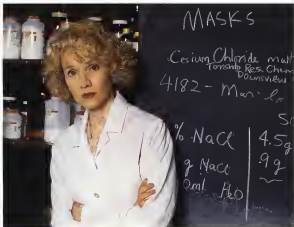
As the doctor's fight escalated, relations with colleagues suffered



IN THE SPRING OF 1996, Dr. Nancy Olivieri learned that the *New England Journal of Medicine* would, that summer, publish her paper on CL, a drug produced by pharmaceutical giant Apotex. Toward the end of May 1996, she told her story at an invitation-only conference on medicine and the media in Chicago that was also attended by journalists from the *Wall Street Journal*, *Nightline* and *National Public Radio*. With the promise that nothing he wrote would harm Olivieri, she described her battle with Apotex over her claims that CL, intended to help sickle-cell patients suffering from the sickle-cell disease thalassemia, was not only working dangerously but was also toxic. She was being extremely threatened by Apotex, she said, and he gave no support for Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children and Toronto General, where she was in charge of the sickle-cell programs.

Also present at that conference was Michael Aronson, then reporting for CBC Radio. In her new book, *The Drug Trial*, she relates how Olivieri described herself as a busy clinician, responsible for more than 500 patients at Sick Kids and Toronto General. But as Shuchman writes in the next part, the doctor's fight against Apotex was taking a toll on her life—and on her professional relationships.

The Drug Trial: Nancy Olivieri and the Science Scandal that Rocked the Hospital for Sick Children by Miriam Shuchman, \$24.95



MUCH LATER, learned from her patients and her staff that she was busy coping with her multiple commitments that her patients saw little of her. Her sickle-cell patients mostly saw the new staff doctor she'd hired, a young man named Manuel Caraco. Caraco's work for Olivieri was part of a job he'd pushed together—four clinics per week, including two with sickle-cell patients, combined with multiple research projects. He was doing a sort of research fellowship, superimposed on his clinical work. With Olivieri, he was studying patients with thalassemia and performing a genetic analysis of a family with an unusual hemoglobin disorder. And Caraco had begun a project with another hematologist at the hospital to develop guidelines for the care of hospitalized sickle-cell patients. He knew why the guidelines existed: a sickle-cell patient had died at the hospital the year before and some doctors thought the death might have been prevented. In February, Caraco was assigned to put together the guidelines.

If anyone had asked Manuel Caraco what he thought of Nancy Olivieri, he would have said she was brilliant. She always seemed to have a sense of something they could study further.

Shuchman is a doctor, teacher and journalist.



And she knew everyone. In their clinical meetings, Olivieri generally pressed for work and his clinical education. Their research collaborations were also going well. He never minded that he'd follow her to his hospital, but he didn't know a boss he couldn't stand. He didn't know her as a fighter with an invisible force to guard her from those she perceived as her enemies. There he took a wrong turn and was caught in the conflict.

It happened in May. Caraco was giving a talk on the guidelines he'd prepared for how to treat the fevers, infections and extremely painful crises that children with sickle-cell disease suffer. As head of the sickle-cell program and one of Caraco's supervisors, Nancy Olivieri was scheduled to be there. Caraco had given her drafts of his report as he was writing it, but she'd been too busy to get back to him. She arrived 20 minutes after his presentation. Caraco had already covered most of his material and was at the point of asking for comments and expressing his thanks for the help he'd had from various doctors at the hospital. He noticed that Olivieri seemed angry in some way.

After the comment period ended, she told him to come see her "right away." A senior hematologist noticed Caraco's hesitation. Caraco explained that he was about to receive a talking-to. His senior colleague told him that Olivieri might simply need a cooling-off period and advised him to not go to her office right away. Caraco had no clear idea what he'd done wrong, and he decided not to go. Caraco next saw Olivieri a

debate on this side of the Atlantic over 170 trials and benefits. "The way science works is problematic," Shuchman says. "Individual, influential scientists have too much say over what gets processed, published, and what gets attention. And that's what sways the regulatory agencies."

In the mid-1990s, Oliver was overseeing a number of Apocis-funded clinical trials in Toronto and other cities when she became concerned that the drug might not be as effective as she had believed. (LI is a product that helps remove toxins from the heart and liver—a potentially fatal side effect of the frequent blood transfusions thalassemia patients must undergo. It remains the only oral alternative to the standard treatment, Deferal, a drug that is delivered via painful injections, and one that some patients have to stop taking because of discomfort and side effects.)

Other scientists disputed her conclusions, and so she battle escalated in the spring of 1996, the drug company pulled the plug on her Sick Kids' trial and threatened her with legal action if she shared her concerns with her parents or the public. Over the next two years, Oliver wrote a magazine, and she became convinced that LI was not just ineffective, but toxic, and was causing liver damage. In the summer of 1998, she published her findings in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, smashing off a media frenzy.

Shuchman, a health journalist and MD who teaches medical ethics at the State University of New York at Buffalo, was one of the first to report on Oliver's case. From the beginning, she has believed that Apocis was in the wrong. "They stopped the trial and they tried to shut her up," she says. "They cleared the drug out of the pharmacies and they said you can't talk about this under our confidentiality agreement. I didn't hesitate to speak for them." But as she delved deeper into the story, Shuchman also came to the conclusion that Oliver's role and conduct

OVER the past few years, a number of scientists have raised serious questions about the validity of her research

in the debate were less than exemplary.

The book traces the development of LI, and Oliver's rise to international prominence as one of the chief proponents of the drug. Shuchman details a number of occasions when the scientist appeared to have discounted or ignored warnings from fellow researchers about the potential dangers of the treatment. In 1998, for example, a study found LI to be toxic to mice, and a British patient taking the drug almost died after a



For many, the Oliver story was a clear-cut case of blood being on a Big Pharma Goldfish

prescription drug in whose blood cells left her susceptible to infections. The positive points British medical journal *The Lancet* ran in an editorial during the drug "no-tissue" far further developments." But as Shuchman writes, these concerns were not mentioned in a grant proposal Oliver submitted to Canada's Medical Research Council seeking money for a long-term study of the drug. Shuchman says she was surprised by her findings. "When the story of her battle with Apocis became public, Nancy said that parents should never put their child on a drug, and that it would be wrong to do that. It was as if she'd forgotten that she'd ever been involved in prescribing a toxic drug."

More troubling still is the unflattering portrait that Shuchman paints of Oliver's interaction with her colleagues. The details are an investigation that Sick Kids launched in 1997, following a spate of complaints from surgeons, nurses and medical residents about the doctor's attitude and abusive behavior. Patients, says Shuchman, sometimes referred to the nervous physician as "Dr. Fear." Murphy Brown? Oliver kept his job, but the book suggests she didn't realize. As her eccentric social prominence grew, another difficulty with co-workers (well-known friends and colleagues) would

with Oliver, at their usual clinic rounds. She would cross with him as she questioned him about everything he'd done with the patients, and she was critical of his answers. He tried to explain it, but Oliver didn't accept his explanations and responded with sarcasm.

[Carac] subsequently tried to arrange meetings with Oliver. But to no avail. After a month, and increasingly frustrated, he wrote her a letter asking about his feelings, but received no response. He wrote a few more. He tried again, and was asked to secure a meeting with Oliver.

"What did you want to talk to about a clinical trial?" she asked when they finally spoke, he told her he liked the patients, but he also liked research like a bread that presents problems and publications to his credit. He expected to present as their collaborative projects at ASH (the American Society of Hematology), but the abstracts were in limbo because he'd been unable to discuss them with Oliver and get her to sign off on them. How could he, but she was suggesting he give up doing research and focus solely on the patients. Carac couldn't understand it. If she didn't think he was out to do research, why had she encouraged him and praised his work before? It was disheartening and depressing.

Afterwards, Carac met with a senior in hematology. His message was simple: "Take me out of the picture and let's go." People in the division who didn't know the whole story heard the message: "Whatever happened to [my friend] Carac?" was very, very annoying," said

one of the hospital's oncologists. Carac wrote Oliver that she should let someone to replace him, and he left the program that summer. The sickle cell guidelines were almost strictly his, and he told the guidelines were the property of the hematology/oncology program—Oliver's program. The guidelines project was left to Oliver and her staff to finish up. Carac told her he'd been directed to walk away from it.

In July 1996, a new resident had started working with Nancy Oliver. Soon the resident appointed Carac as one of his research advisors. It seemed as if Oliver had suggested that Carac might be willing to provide her with the data he'd collected. Carac said no. A few weeks later, he was working on one of the computers that the fellows all shared. A file looked familiar. It was an abstract on the patients at Sick Kids with Diamond Blackfan anemia, similar to the abstract he'd prepared. But Carac's name wasn't on the new version, and neither was the name of the McMaster resident who had worked with him. The only thing the same on the list of authors was Nancy Oliver. She had been listed as senior author when Carac's had compared the abstracts, and she was still listed as senior author. It was as if he and the McMaster resident had never done the work in the first place.

Carac didn't think Oliver was stealing his work, either, and it was her work too. But she was taking a collaborative project and cutting him out. Carac's mentor wrote Oliver about it and she wrote back with an explanation: "Because Dr. Carac has chosen not to discuss

the analysis of this work with me despite repeated opportunities to do so, because Dr. Carac's analysis of the data was preliminary and because of Dr. Carac's repeated declarations that he would not continue to work with the program," her summer student had done "a completely new analysis of these data."

The division scheduled a meeting to discuss it. Oliver came carrying a tape recorder and accompanied by Brenda Galie (senior research in hematology and oncology at Sick Kids), but the doctor's acknowledgment of doing anything wrong "No," she said at one point. Galie attempted to mediate. Other hematology residents at Sick Kids thought Galie probably couldn't believe that anyone would undercut a senior doctor's efforts the way Oliver had, since Galie would never have done it herself.

IN HER STRUGGLE with Apocis, Oliver had become a stand for all the medical school teachers who weren't for sale. She was a living link between her colleagues on an almost monthly basis for her house as she flew from that city to speak about her experiences. But these efforts came at a very high price. She was losing ground on all of her professional goals—her science, her



Could guidelines have prevented Rutgers' death?

teaching and her clinical work. Friends and colleagues said she'd almost always used from the scientific arena. Some of the thalassemia patients continued to complain about Oliver's lack that she'd almost disappeared from their clinics as well. One said, "There's the fear that patients are falling between the cracks because the doctor's attention is focussed elsewhere. What a cruel disease this is. The patients aren't being seen."

The patients were scared. During 2000 and 2001, three thalassemia patients died, two of them without ever making it to the hospital. Anxiously, patients called about it with each other. Some wrote to nurse the Tyler to ask what was going on. "The patients dying in their sleep at home," she said. "That's what we're told. Why at home and not in the ICU? Why didn't [the doctors] know they were sick?"

In the fall of 2000, while thalassemia patients were worrying about their losses, a 13-year-old girl with sickle cell disease entered the Hospital for Sick Children for an operation on her gall bladder. The surgery wasn't billed as life-threatening, but while recovering, Sandra became ill to death, internally. The corner and the hospital both investigated, and the hospital soon cleared responsibility for the death. An internal report at the hospital's investigation on Sandra's series of errors that had contributed to Sandra's death. Apocis. The various doctors involved hadn't communicated. The sickle cell doctors hadn't been as close touch with Sandra's surgeons. The cancer and

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suddenly find themselves out of focus or appear as a victim. And the doctor levelled personally career-ending allegations of misconduct against one former protégé, charges that were ultimately found to be groundless. As a teacher, Stachewicz says she found Olverson's behaviour particularly troubling. "The notion that you could run on those people who have no power over you—I don't understand that."

Stachewicz's account of the L.I. dispute is admittedly one-sided. Although their relationship was once cordial, Olverson has not spoken to her since the summer of 2000, when she learned of Stachewicz's intention to write the book, and on one occasion tried to have her removed from public meetings they were both attending. The doctor's many supporters will rightfully point to the book's heavy reliance on uncorroborated and anonymous quotes. Stachewicz says this is because many of the people she interviewed were worried about being snafu by Olverson, who has in the past mounted a ferocious legal campaign to safeguard her reputation. Random House Canada, the book's publisher, is also clearly concerned, and the many accusations The Drug Deal made it was written by lawyers. The publishing house has also worked hard to prevent a pre-emptive legal strike—there has been little advance talk, and the book was purposely not listed in the *Rundown*.

Doctors hadn't monitored the patient's haemoglobin level and blood pressure closely after the operation. And the nurses were under-informed about sickle cell disease.

Warning about Sanchez's death, Manuel Carasco felt personally devastated. It wasn't just that he'd known the young woman from his time at the sickle cell clinic. It was that he'd spent hundreds of hours on a project aimed at preventing the sorts of errors that led to Sanchez's death: the guidelines project, with its spin-off article on the best way to care for sickle cell patients undergoing surgery. But the guidelines he worked on at 1987 were never followed. The cornering of the publication from the sickle cell disease clinic about the guidelines, but he was reluctant to say any more. "Why the process took so long is not for me to comment on," she told the coroner's jury.

The sickle cell guidelines were finally adopted and distributed at Sick Kids in the late fall of 2000, two months after Sanchez's

House catalogue of spring offerings. Olverson, who won numerous legal settlements from Sick Kids and the University of Toronto, and who has been vindicated by investigations at the hospital, at the university level, and by an extensive inquiry by the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, will presumably not be pleased by the book's re-run of new, and old, allegations. But the fact remains that over the past few years, a number of other scientists have noted serious questions about the validity of other research showing L.I. to be ineffective.

BEWILDERED
friends and underlings
would suddenly find
themselves cut off for
no apparent reason

and dangerous. With *Drugs and Politics* in North America still being described as a drug that many of them tried and favored over creating treatments. Stachewicz's book is sure to reignite the debate. While Olverson is often extraordinarily courageous people with the best of intentions. But there are dangers associated with putting anyone up in a pedestal.

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death. The inquiry jury completed its deliberations in the late spring of 2001 and issued 36 recommendations. One was that sickle cell patients should be admitted the day before the operation. Another was that doctors should consider preoperative transfusions for such children undergoing surgical procedures. Both recommendations had been contained in the draft guidelines that had gone on the shelf in 1988. The inquiry also found that Sick Kids nurses were misinformed and there was a serious lack of communication by key physicians and surgeons caring for Sanchez. In part, the poor communication between the sickle cell program and other programs in the hospital was one of the costs of the hospital's battle with Nancy Olverson.

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THE VE-DAY REVOLUTION

The end of the war triggered positive social change

SOON, THE PEOPLE who plan anniversaries will wind up the Second World War for at least a decade. Last June, we celebrated D-Day, June 6, 1944, when 14,000 Canadians poured ashore on June Beach to launch the Allied struggle to free the rest of Europe from Nazism. Now, 11 months later, Canadians will remember Victory in Europe, or VE Day, on May 8, 1945. Sixty years ago, troops had started celebrating after dawn on May 7, when news of the ceasefire reached Canada. Others wondered at the cheering. "We're not still at war with Japan? How many of the 1,685 Canadians captured in Hong Kong on Christmas Day 1941 survived their prison camps? This war would only be over in August, after atomic

bombs annihilated Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But for most Canadians, the real war had always been in Europe. With Hitler dead, the Third Reich utterly dismantled and the Soviet Union shoring the celebrations, we could at least pretend to be at peace.

Today, D-Day veterans are at least octogenarians. Ottawa proclaimed 2005 as the Year of the Veteran, and VE Day will see the opening of Canada's largest and most elaborate war memorial ever. Our new Canadian War Museum has survived battles over funding, location and architecture. Hardy Canadians might complain that it should have been built in Kodakville, or that it cost too much to remove pollution dirt from its Lethbridge Plaza location. Those of us who know the museum will miss the crime bars that were—predictable last sentence.

In the new museum, the tools and techniques our parents and grandparents used in two world wars and in half a century of Cold War will have at last escaped from an old Ottawa or barn. So will Canada's unique collection of war art. An opening show at the new John McCrae gallery will feature the best war art from our allies, Britain and Australia, but Canada's war art will permeate the whole building. In the heart of the new building is the clock tower for Canada's Unknown Soldier, placed so that sunlight, refracted from a single window, will fall on it each Remembrance Day, at 11 a.m.

Canada's veterans have lived for 60 years with the quiet fear that they, too, would become unknown soldiers. The mystery fear ran of us easily forgetting how much we owe to our survival in two world wars and the building battles of the Cold War, and to the men and women who offered themselves to keep our country free. Making Canada a land of peace, justice and diversity was not simply the vision of some eloquent politicians; it grew straight out of fear and the desires of ordinary men and women.

Sixty years ago, Canada was utterly different from the country it has become. We remember the Bury Thirties, but we forget that most Canadians then were usually too poor to afford the necessities of life. Our ancestors took poverty for granted and accepted the selfish cruelty that usually accompanies

MAKING Canada a land of peace, justice and diversity grew out of our wars and the dreams of ordinary men and women

poverty. In the struggle to live, most Canadians could only be looked after by "their own kind." Outsiders, be they immigrants or people of a different faith or ethnicity, seldom met generosity, cordiality,

compassion and fairness were the rule. We should not be surprised to find these qualities in so-called "Third World" countries. Before 1945, that was our state too.

The "more a too many" reaction of Jewish refugees from Hitler, the expulsion of 21,000 Japanese-Canadians from British Columbia's coast in 1942, the disposal of their property so they could never return, the job ghetto for blacks, the status of native Aboriginal Canadians as *wards of the state*—these were ugly, but natural in a Canada with too many poor people. Wartime was different. Our millions in uniform, and 10 million working for them, gave every Canadian a job, regular wages and a generous share in the war burden. As victory approached, every Canadian worried that we would fall back on old ways after millions were laid off from the military and the war-related plants. And after VE Day 1945 was the nationwide fear that massive unemployment and the Depression would return.



Officer's men war museum (below) celebrates more than the Second World War

Now, it would be used. Canadians always knew that the fastest way to get poor was to have children. Some policy advisers had urged family allowances of up to \$250 a child per month. William Lyon Mackenzie King, the prime minister, knew shabby houses could cost Canadians \$250 million, almost half of federal spending in 1938, not to mention rising personal debt. Then he saw the 1943 and 1944 election returns from Ontario and Saskatchewan. If King and his Liberals did not make peace attractive, Canadians could cheerfully vote for the socialist GCF. The PM promptly endorsed a "New Social Order," with baby bonuses, subsidized home ownership, health insurance, free collective bargaining for labour and a Veterans Charter that offered not a bundle of benefits, including free education at Wartburg.

Post-1945, Canada was different. Canadians had money to spend. A few years in university turned men into professionals. Workers quit making shells and produced goods people needed and could afford. Canadian couples produced the world's most durable baby boom, until 1961 drew out the pill.

Better yet, affluence slowly made Canadians more tolerant and even generous. No longer were there "two many spoons for the soup." Now there were enough. We needed new money desperately, and we welcomed them. Starting in Ottawa and Saskatoon, human rights codes and judges began to trim the "check" like insurance. Except for raised taxes, that was no big deal. Who needed us discrimination? Poor war Canada had enough for all of us. Was it perfect? No. But it was inclusive, happy everywhere? No way. But in 1951, the census said that most Canadians now earned enough to pay for the necessities of life. After 1960, we learned that barely 15 per cent of us were shut out of affluence. We could no longer tolerate poverty if we tried a little harder.

We didn't, of course. In the 1980s, the gap between rich and poor started growing again. In 2005, we may not even want to think about how VE Day started a social revolution in Canada. Better people may discount our war museum as a shelter for forgettable militant horrors. True it is a monument to the changes that made me president to be a Canadian.



ON THE WELL For related stories, visit www.museum.ca/ve/day

We know now that their lives were unforgotten. Why? Wartime financing made

possible by full employment, sent Ottawa's revenue soaring from \$560 million in 1939 to \$3 billion in 1945. In 1946, unemployment insurance had been launched in the premiums would absorb off spending power



WHEN STARS FALL ON WAWA

Ripley, Trinity and Professor Snape invade a northern Ontario town

SIGOURNEY WEAVER is in Wawa, northern Ontario, shooting a movie called *Snow Cake*. She plays an autistic woman who has a thing for snow. She likes to roll in it, sit in it and make snow men out of it. There's just one problem: Wawa had an early spring. "I've lived here 37 years and can't remember an April this nice," says Michelle Hatfield, taking time out from her drilling and blasting operation to join a crowd on a residential street waiting to get a glimpse of Weaver. "I came back from a week in Vegas, and the snowbank on my front yard had dropped to nothing." Now it's melted to nothing. But unlike the rest of Wawa,

the street of '50s bungalow where Weaver's character lives actually has snow piles of it that have been tracked in, dumped on lawns and arranged in dusty mounds over beds of white daisies.

There's a woman on the sidewalk hoping "Sigourney" will autograph all four of her Alien DVDs. One for each of the kids like comes to the set each day. And she's invited a bunch of the crew to her house for a wintertime supper. Myself, I spent three days waiting for Weaver to make good on a promised interview, while trying to keep out of her "ape-line." She's a method actress trying to stay in character—which means avoiding people. Everyone on the crew treats her with kid gloves. And by the time we meet, I'm beginning to wonder if civility—with its hypocrisy and childlike sense of entitlement—can't so far removed from autism. Everything has to be just so.

This is the story of what happens when a small town in central Ontario, and when those towns—Americans, a Canadian and a First-Nations local community. They're all famous for a major literary franchise: *Wawa* is the alien-enslaving Ripley; *Cartersville* is *Thelma*; *Thelma* is *Henry Potter's* reprobate Professor Snape. And in *Wawa*, a town of 3,700 north of Lake Superior—known for its quaintness and for awarding hardhats on the Trans-Canada Highway—they're the biggest town since the gold rush of 1897.

But Snow *Cake* is a Hollywood movie. Directed by British filmmaker Mike Barker, it's a \$6.5 million indie project based on a script from a Quebec screenwriter, England's Angela Pell, who has an autistic son. Although

she'd never been to Canada, Pell dreams up a dark comedy, imagining Ripley as a jaded Englishman on a road trip in the Canadian north. He is ejected when giving a ride to a local girl, who's killed when a truck skids into his car. Her father gets traded with the girl's autistic mother (Weaver), and seduced by her free-spirited glider (Moss). When the British producers came looking for a location, Toronto producer Nia Pichon of *Thelma & Louise* (The Red Violin) suggested

WEAVER disappears into her autistic character. Moss sits by the fire, and Rickman discovers the butter tart.

Wawa. With most of the crew and some cast from Canada, *Snow Cake* became a majority Canadian co-production. And Wawa is proudly playing host.

For two weeks in April, crowds gather to watch the cinematic roll. Trolls from across the street, and from half an hour out of town. Mothers with strollers. Children playing hockey. And a journalist who's come to interview the stars and see what happens when a movie crew invades a town. Which is how I end up sharing time with Rickman in the dining room of the Wawa Manor Inn beside "the largest fireplace in the North." With his downcast mouth and amber-grown eyes full of intrigue, that is an actor who seems to work from a deep reserve of intelligence. He was the devil ghost in *Truly Madly Deeply* and the classic sheriff who

aced rings around Kevin Costner's Robin Hood, and now he's the director of a controversial play that has London's West End about—*My Name is Rachel Watson*, about the American actress killed by an Israeli bulldozer.

It's no surprise to find him in Wawa. But as Rickman points out, there's something surreal about shooting in any real location.

"A film comes in and colonizes it," he says, between bites of an utterly RGE. "You start thinking, 'Oh, could we just move that pile of trees?' And sometimes you can. It's like you own it. We're filming on a real street and it already feels like a set. You have to keep reminding yourself that the people coming out of their houses are not extras. They're real people. We've invaded their life pretending to be real people, and the real people start at us pretending to be them."

Of *Snow Cake*'s stars, Rickman has been the most adaptable. Between takes outside Jody's Diner in Elbow Junction, a hamlet of 300 people near Wawa, he goes in to sign autographs and sample the pies. He was knocked out by the mushy and wild blueberry, he started ordering two pies a day for the crew, saying the baker was up a bunch. He also moves about "this incredible thing called a butter tart that's so good I don't even want to know what it is." Rickman is most aware of the lack of snow. "The director expressed a range landscape, but the film is about a town. With a bit of snow around, it makes for an edgier landscape."

As the actor heads off to work, I spend the afternoon in my motel room, waiting for permission to visit the set. Weaver has decided she doesn't want a journalist watching her set. But half the town is on the side walk, doing just that, so I see nothing wrong with joining the crowd. Half one of the producers calls me "I'm too 'disturbing' looking," and if Sigourney spots me, she could get hooked and cancel my interview. One member proposes various masks. They could put me in a hat with tinted windows. Or put me through "hoaxland"—that,



Rickman's traveler gets stranded with a mother (Weaver) who's crazy for snow



makeup and wardrobe—to disguise me in a local. Instead, they decide to handle me on the set right away, before Sigourney arrives.

It's a warm day. Outdoors in short sleeves. I sit on the snow, watching nothing happen. I've entered into a bungalow, where a camera shoots out the back window as Carter-Anne Moss walks across the snowy yard. In the background, kids play basketball. I ask if they're extras. No, they're "real." After a couple of takes, I'm suddenly whisked out the door, like a hermit. Sigourney is in the bungalow. When she hasn't seen me.

Later I visit Moss in her trailer. She's in costume—a white parka, a black slip dress over blue jeans, and denim boots with pom-poms. She's a bit curvy, having put on weight for a role that she wanted her autograph without knowing who she was. At least one mistake her for Sigourney. "I got a little mistake," she admits. "It's not such a big deal. It just feels real. I'm in the middle of a conversation and a mother with her children comes up to me and starts talking them how to behave. What's she not another adult that way?" The Vancouver-born actress, who lives in Los Angeles, is away from her 18-month-old son for the first time. While the man has, she's enjoying her job. She's the *Wawa* movie. "I've just been enjoying my movie," she says. "Writing TV, sleeping and reading. I love life."

Weaver, meanwhile, has been housed in a chalet most to be a place where Weaver's major, Rod Morrison, a former CEO of Visa, lives with Deena Harris, the movie's manager. Like the mayor in *State and Main*, the David Morrison lives about a mile from the town, Morrison has used to avoid the stars for dinner, without reason. But he did lend a place to stay in a restaurant near the town. The word on the street: Wawa is a winter wonderland, just the mayor wants to give her the benefit of the doubt. "What's the deal," he says, "it's because her character requires such concentration."

Weaver has been studying actors for her role since July. So who could blame her for not wanting to socialize or do press in her first week of shooting? But I do get some sense of her trailer for a quick look. After some small talk about the snow-pile battle over moss, I propose that she do the

interview in character—she laughs. Her character, she says, would be all run to “pin off.”

That night Weaver finishes shooting at 4 a.m. I’ve given up on the interview. But slow hours later, as I’m about to leave for the airport, I get a call saying she’s changed her mind, and now wants to talk to me over breakfast. It’s her day off. She shows up in sloppy blue jeans and a soft-chested shirt, unbuttoned to show some cleavage and a glimpse of goldfish. “Wearing run-down, she looks in that shape for 55, and has a get-rich-quick that makes the years melt away like cotton candy,” she says. “It’s a total egg”—with multi-grain toast, then cracks the toast.

The way she orders makes me wonder if she’s acting slightly autistic, or just living funny. Weaver, who has spent a lot of time with autistic adults, explains that they have no mental filter, no membrane shielding them from outside stimuli. “Without underestimating the pain of autism,” she says, “they have extraordinary access into a world that we no longer open the door to—the world of play, of being in the moment and just seeing the way light glimmers off a photograph.” When I suggest it sounds like being on a permanent acid trip, she says, “I haven’t done acid. I tried some grass-roots and hallucinated the Virgin Mary. I got drunk on a glass of wine. I’m very, very sensitive.”

Many with autism are so sensitive that they avoid eye contact and feel the need to compensate with a lot of private rituals. “Our world throws as much at them, they want to retreat to a world where they can be in charge,” says Weaver. “And I can relate to that. I find change very difficult. Everyone I meet a film... here I am in *Blind*. It’s very weird to be in this place doing that.”

The crew was instructed “to act as if there is someone with autism as the on-screen—you have to be quiet, you have to give her space.” Weaver laughs. “That is an actor’s dream. I do feel like the film is a little nice. In my head, I can’t hear sound and be autistic as much as I want. I’m not as comfortable talking to her on the street. Once you get in this frame, people coming up to you is very funny. I find people coming up to me jarring anyway.” As for all the children who wear her autograph, Weaver has asked for their names to be put on a list. “I’m happy to do it at the end. It sounds very Special Movie Star. You want to say, ‘Thank you, yes I’m glad I was in *Ghostwritten*.’ Who you



Moss (above) plays the girl next door, while Rickman indulges the local hussy Penny Pater (left)

gonna call, love *Spangely*.” But it’s hard for me to play the character and shift into that.” Weaver answers that she’s just playing a character, and not trying to represent autism. “Whether brilliant or not, she may become autism’s new poster child, inheriting the role

“YOU HAVE to keep reminding yourself,” says Rickman, “that the people coming out of their houses are not extras.”

from the star of *Rain Man*. “Dustin Hoffman has been representing autism for a long, long time,” she acknowledges, “and I’m sure he never meant to do that.” Meanwhile, she’s enjoying the “great gift” of learning to live in the moment. “I’ve always been so impatient,” says Weaver, who methodically folds a paper napkin holder. “Now I see it would be much more satisfying if, instead of thinking what I’m going to do in an hour, I just think about folding this... perfectly.”

So how will the special day end? “I haven’t made any plans. As my character says, ‘I don’t know what I’ll feel like in half an hour. I only know how I feel now.’”

BRUTES IN THE BUSH

Canadian crime writers look to the exotic north

AS IF THE GREAT Canadian wilderness didn’t have enough dangers of its own—what with the blizzards, bears and bug-infested writers, particularly those with a literate bent, have increasingly taken to lurking in scenic splendor with corpses. And none more than Glen Cook, whose new novel, *Blackfly Season*, is the third in his internationally acclaimed series about Algonquin Bay police detective John Cardon. For Cook, it was merely a desire to come home. Ironically speaking, that led him to set his storylines in and around a thinly disguised North Bay, the northern Ontario city where he’d spend his teenage years. But he fully understands the exotic appeal of the Canadian bush setting, especially to foreigners. “After I’d lived in New York for 20 years, North Bay seemed like another planet, even to me. To New Yorkers or to Brits, it’s amazing that a place farther south than England can be so cold and snowy.”

While any as disorienting as the snow does make a fine backdrop for splendor, blood, chestnut exteriors have other advantages as well. There are the seasonal lulls, for example, both human and animal, who grow used to hunkering. This spring alone new Canadian books include characters like the hard-drinking Grand-mère Ouellet, the Ojibwa shaman who dominates Rosemary Wab’s intriguing *Sagawish Falls* (McClelland & Stewart), set in an isolated Ontario town. Another is Mike McEwen, the physically and mentally scarred fire chief from Inuk, taken in Andrew Pyper’s page-turner *The Wildlife Season* (HarperCollins). They’re menaced either by nature to the creatures who roam the north. Bears, naturally, are prominent, including the almost comically grizzly in *Blackfly Season*, but even Pyper’s unseen werewolves beside the rapacious insects



After I’d lived in New York, says Cook, North Bay seemed like another planet, even to me

the ancient toadstool, malevolent characters in *Blackfly Season*, a fit match for the novel’s bloodthirsty mood.

“I remember a camping trip one May,” Cook, 53, recalls with a grin from the safety of the downtown Toronto house he shares with his American wife, Joann Eggeberg, an art historian. “I was the youngest, so I got stuck with carrying the tent and gear. It was warm, so I went out and about 30 ft—I was fully occupied with it while the blizzards were coming with me.” It was a North Bay winter scene, though, that played the mind. During a Christmas visit, he went

for a run along one of the city’s frozen Lake Simcoe trails, the white-bellied looking snow-melting sled abandoned near a small stand, and thinking it would be a wonderful place to find a body. “That’s just me, of course,” he says, laughing. “Any other person might have thought, ‘I guess

they don’t mine uranium here anymore.’”

But his mind naturally turned to crime because of his years in New York, writing scripts for police dramas like *Law & Order* and *Night Heat*. It was a hard slog, with *Blind* working as a copy editor between script assignments and town, for a so-called stint, as a bartender. But the author’s first Canadian assignment, *For the Wounds* for Sorrow (2006), proved to be his ticket home, winning the British Crime Writers Association’s prestigious Macallan Silver Dagger award. *Blind*’s script-writing experience shows in the crisp dialogue and rapid-fire introduction of new characters, while his literary gifts are apparent in Cardon’s nuanced and a lean-but-lyrical style, he still tremendously appealing in his devotion to his mentally ill wife, Catherine, even as he tries to cope with the slow-burning sexual tension between him and his police partner, Lisa Delorme. “I wanted him to be normal,” Cook says, “to have a strong connection to someone who was not damaged from his work.”

As for hunting, *Blackfly Season*’s North Bay wilderness surroundings to the killer. And his re-creation of his old hometown shows an affectionate sympathy for a place whose best days, he feels, are behind it. Loyalty, above all, is the virtue John Cardon prizes above others. So does Glen Cook.



BLACKFLY SEASON
Glen Cook
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HOW I SPEND MOTHER'S DAY

I love my infant son dearly, but this is one day that's all about me

I IMAGINE many new moms wouldn't miss their fine celebration of motherhood with their child for anything. But on the day before my very first Mother's Day as a parent, I bonded my seven-month old son over to my nurse and drove 200 km away. I ached for Adia the following day, but there was somewhere else I needed to be—behind the starting line of the Ottawa marathon.

It wasn't that it was my first marathon. I had already run three of the 42.3 km races. And it wasn't that I needed a weekend away from my little angel (although I did

of a newborn parent). And all this was followed by an exhaustion that made me hallucinate a race after getting no sleep for three days.

In the weeks and months that followed, I slowly recovered. While nursing left my breasts shivering properly for 11 months, when my son was three months old I began the process of rediscovering everything else. That process was training for the Ottawa marathon.

Running five days a week, doing yoga two times a week, and performing core and abdominal exercises daily, I worked hard to feel in-control again. And it did the trick: Five months after delivering Adia, I had lost 22 lb, leaving me weighing less than I did pre-pregnancy. As my body strengthened again, the pain on my back, shoulders and arms from carrying the baby eased. I saw my face emerge. It's ironic: old clothes. While hormonal changes certainly had highlighted by two bald patches in my head at one point—my run helped me my anxiety and fend off the baby blues.

Slowly, surely, I was taking back control of my body. And a warning sign of standing behind that starting line that kept me on course.

I suppose getting myself into that kind of shape would have been enough. I could have simply enjoyed my newborn baby

and stayed home with my boy on Mother's Day. But there was something almost common about racing that day: it was my way of saying to the world and to myself, "I can be a mother and still be my own person." And unlike everything else that had happened in the previous 16 months, that day was all about me. And while I'll gladly give my sweet angel the other 364 days of the year, I'm going to make a habit of keeping at least one day for myself.

Karen Bridson-Boyczuk is a Toronto-based writer and journalist. To comment, write to karen@overtoyou.com

Running the race that day was an exercise in reclaiming myself—body and mind.

Even before my son was conceived and literally took over my life, he was the centre of everything. When would we start to cry? Who will our baby look like? Where shall I set up the nursery? What baby will all I wanted to think about.

Once that little window turned blue, The Baby was nearly all I could think about. At first that was a result of the sheer elation of having a child on the way. But soon I was

overlooked by all concerning issues, an almost inescapable exhaustion, and headaches that had me wishing I had the courage to smash my own head into the wall for some unconscious relief. The reality of what's involved in becoming a mother had begun to hit me full tilt.

The morning sickness had just started to ease when my burn began to smolder, my anxiety to disappear, and a sense of a family being pressing onto my mind.

As the baby grew, that internal alien pressure had me almost panicked at times. Deep breathing helped this pass, but I couldn't allow myself to think about this sensation of any body without some anxiety.

Fading my son sleep and back made me was ultimately exhilarating. But his screams didn't come without almost constant pressure on my bladder, reduced breathing capacity, a badly swollen left foot and one hell of a sickle nerve problem in my right hand's check.

By the end of my pregnancy, I was walking unsteadily and bouncing into tears if

any husband so much as looked at me the wrong way. I didn't recognize my own swollen feet in the mirror. I was no longer myself. I was a vessel. I wouldn't wait to get my body back. Yes, I dreamed of having a flat tummy again, but getting my figure back wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to be the only being on my body.

This is hard for me to admit. And don't get me wrong—being pregnant was the most incredible experience of my life, and my boy is the best thing that ever happened



to me. But there seems to be this unspoken message that a Good Mother is not supposed to complain about the downside of pregnancy. Good Mothers quietly focus on the miracle that's unfolding within them.

When I finally gave birth, my physical reaction was of tiredness and relief. My post-partum belly thanks by the minute. In the following hours, however, I discovered just how far I still had to go to truly reclaim my body. I was wobbly on my feet, felt sick to my stomach, unsteady heart, sitting up and standing were difficult. My new-to-existing breast found the remarkable suction power



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BACKTALK



Film | Haggis faces Ontario Protestants, then L.A. punks

Hollywood scribe remembers the pain used in the capturing that inspired *Crash*

Paul Haggis can't remember the faces of the L.A. punks who camped his white convertible Porsche in 1991, but he'll never forget the guns they used "Scab Meets 38s," says the screenwriter of *Million Dollar Baby*, who now owns a Mini Cooper and three Toyota Priuses. "Where the barrel is three inches from your face, it's tough to forget."

Haggis has written the harrowing experience into his directorial debut, *Crash*—a film about race relations in L.A. (the ensemble cast includes Don Cheadle, Ice Cube, Laurence Fishburne and Matt Dillon), but what does this bilingual and

gay who grew up in Los Angeles, Ont., know about racism? "In London, the only tension was between Catholics and Protestants," says the one-time TV scribe, who is currently working on film projects with Steven Spielberg and Clint Eastwood. "It's not saying it was anything like Northern Ireland, but I do remember coming home after school when I was about 8 and telling my mom that I wished there were more Catholics in our neighborhood because all the Protestants wanted to beat me up." For a writer, there's source material in any community. *—JACK BUCKLE*

HAGGIS REMEMBERS
Gus Dugan of *Time* (1991). Then, he was CTE Officer Jackie (1991). But Jack of All (1995). L.A. Law (1990), *Body and Soul* (1993), *Walker, Texas Ranger* (1996), *Due South* (1995)

Music | All the pretty songs

ANNE MARR
The Roadrunner
Ann

On first listen, Anne Marr's new album sounds exactly the same as her last one—and the one before that. But all you need is another spin of *The Roadrunner Ann* to be entranced by its over-the-top charm. It's a raucous album about a pair of strapping Queens, John and Caroline. And the true heart of this outrageously melodramatic rock, which produces a huge-sounding Joe Henry to help her pull off a bigger '70s rock sound, with lots of piano and even a couple of showy guitar solos (Crest! notably in the 10-minute opening track, *See Ann*), but there are still plenty of quiet acoustic moments to match Marr's favorite subjects—love and addiction.

RYAN ADAMS
Gold Rivers

After getting all that aggression out of his system a couple of years ago with *Rock N Roll*, this North Carolina-born Nashville-bred New York singer-songwriter is back with a double disc of raw folk-al-country—and he's got two more albums ready for release later this year. We're been accused of quantity over quality, and nothing on *Gold Rivers* matches the brilliance of his unapologetically raucous solo debut, *Heartbreaker*. This is just another collection of very pretty songs (especially *Magnolia Mountain* and the aptly named single *Let It Ride*), that showcases his soulful country voice and his ability to authentically meld roots music with a rockier's attitude. *—SHAWN BEZEL*

Music | Memories of the way we were

After 15 years together, Sloan is releasing a CD of great hits. A deluxe edition comes with a DVD of videos, commentary and live performances. And it's got the rock-fan-turned-fansite founder in a nostalgic mood.

BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

"The first tour of Canada [1992], travelling in a minivan with no mobile suit. I sat on the floor from Halifax to Vancouver and was watching my hair in barbershops at gas stations. But I didn't care, that was my dream."

—guitarist Jay Ferguson

GIFTS FROM FANS

"In Japan, girls would give me a Garcia beer in a little tiny drink sack because they saw me drinking it on stage."

—guitarist Patrick Pentikoff

MEETING OTHER FAMOUS MUSICIANS

"I was talking to the English guy after a show in Hoboken, N.J. He said, 'You guys are the best band I've seen since the Kinks.' I was like, 'Thanks, I love the Kinks.' Then he got on the subject of his band. Turns out, I was talking to Kikito Valentine, guitar player for the Animals."

—drummer Andrew Scott

FAVORITE SONGS

"I like Andrew's kind, even though we've been doing it for 15 years. It was our first big break. Andrew never really liked playing it. But we'll perform it live when touring this record, and he said he'd be good about it."

—bassist Chris Murphy

sloan
A closer with
deluxe edition

A closer with
deluxe edition
1997-2000
Progress
(Deluxe left)
Sloan
Maverick



Film | Is Bubbles the next Belushi?

Canada's most unlikely TV star—bubble, juice and lady—may fill the trip they can get making the transition to the big screen. Enter producer Ben Hecht, who'll bring *Walter Fink* ("It's The Movie, The First Night, Ben's Belushi") to the big screen, in the past, he's moved from TV to film with ease.

changed the voice of American comedy. Eddie Murphy and Mike Myers and... Ben Spillars in *Sex, So Did We* (Finnell with *Did School*). GEORGE CLOONEY "It's very tough to be a comic film star after you've been on television. But Clooney is a comedian and he didn't come out of the film, he really came to light in his films, particularly *Out of Sight*." JENNIFER ANISTON "She was a very successful film star, a couple of very successful films."

SUBTLE NIGHT-LIFE CAST "The original—especially John Belushi, Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd—had great secrets in life and

MACLEAN'S 100 | TOP 10

Selecting the best blends of form and function

Rachel Garibay, co-author of *Design in Canada: Fifty Years from Post Modernism to Post Modernism* (1990), is the first Canadian commercial and industrial designer.

1. Chrome dome electric kettle, 1948
2. Garibay garbage can, 1966
3. Zone books series, 1965
4. Laser sailboat, 1971
5. Sea-bow snowmobile, 1966
6. Strong chair made from post-war surplus parachute material, 1966
7. RACE office furniture, 1976
8. Project 8 shoes, 1963
9. Thermos, 1962
10. CN logo, 1968



Top 10 items during Maclean's 100th birthday



Jane Fonda finishes John Intini's sentences

Jane Fonda is exhausted from jet lag. Not surprisingly, considering the actor and his workout queen has been everywhere lately promoting her newest, *My Life So Far*, and her first film in 15 years, *Monster-in-Law* (starring Jennifer Lopez). But her less-than-sure disposition may have also been caused by a Vietnam war vet in *Intini's* life, who spit tobacco juice in Fonda's face at a recent book signing. During her Toronto tour stop, Fonda, 67, somewhat reluctantly finished Maclean's Associate Editor John Intini's sentences.

THE STRONGEST PROP THAT I'VE KEPT FROM MY ACTING DAYS... is the head of Christ (which I carved as the character Gentle Nocturne in *The Dollmaker*).

I GET JEALOUS... when I see couples who've been married for 50 years. THE HOUSEHOLD CHORE THAT I HATE THE MOST... is cooking. I'd like it, but here's a key best dish is probably eaten, I wanted to drive all and say sauce. I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP UNTIL... I'm tired. WHY 15 YEARS LATER... did I do a film? I wanted to see if I could find joy in acting again. My last movie, *Stuck in the Middle*, was agonizing. I was scared, creative and wanted to quit. Then I met Bob Turner and could afford to quit. For a different person now.

IF I COULD ASK GOD ONE THING IT WOULD BE... how's bad doing?

FOR MORE "JOHN INTINI'S SENTENCES" VISIT WWW.MACLEANS.CA/POPLE

A PERFORMANCE artist is planning to kiss a photo of Tony Blair (and/or kiss an election day May 15, in an eight-hour display of affection for the British PM).

Books | Sanity, madness and family

New series of 21st-century mental life are more pragmatic with literary possibility, both comic and sad, thus the sudden surge for fiction, in the first novel, *The Girl Factory*, David Layton reads a century to the challenge. Luke Gray is happy with his life and instinctively aware of nothing any more. But his wife, Julia—31 years old and utterly aware of passing time—wants a child. Luke is willing to go along, except that after months of trying, it's not happening. A visit to the fertility clinic leads to a chain of bloody business, he writes down—perhaps on Luke's "lucky" agent, advice to release his fears and quit smoking. Luke's egg extractions, visits to suppressing menstruation chambers (but as Julia's threatened) and Luke's refusal to be fully open up (perhaps only partly) to the edge of sanity, leaving *The Girl Factory* into one of the season's best novels.

THE GIRL FACTORY
David Layton
McClelland & Stewart
\$24.95

Best Sellers

Fiction

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
2. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
3. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
4. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
5. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
6. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
7. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
8. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
9. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
10. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Non-Fiction

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
2. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
3. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
4. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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9. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
10. THE GIRL FACTORY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

1. *Maclean's*
2. *Maclean's*



HEY, WHATEVER IT TAKES

The amazing Martin will embrace anything when his career depends on it

PAUL MARTIN **CONVICTED** his ability to surprise along time ago, but his ability to amaze remains complete. The Prime Minister has only ever known how to play four notes—Barney, detail, exactness and outrage—but he works them into every sentence. He's a minimalist genius. The Philip Glass of Canadian politics.

So it shouldn't be surprising to learn that every item in his deskbin deal with Jack Layton was, in the Prime Minister's account, something he had planned to do anyway. "All we did was accelerate our project," he told *La Presse*. Not surprising, but still hard

of amazing, because it reminds us that everything is something Martin had planned to do some day. Everything on anyone else's list will be denounced as irresponsible (and Martin's career depends on it, at which point it will turn out to be... easy).

Senate reform? He was going to get around that. Budget reform? A matter of time. Electoral reform? Sure, if you like. Amend the Constitution? Never say never. Anti-gravity? Have your scientists call his scientists. Music beats! What a coincidence. He was just about to sell the cow.

Nor should it be surprising that he did with the NDP didn't exhaust his eagerness to please. The tax cuts Layton wanted him to cancel so he could pay for Layton's shopping list simply wouldn't have cancelled. Soon Martin was offering to vote with the NDP on spending—and then with the Conservatives on tax cuts. All while paying down \$2 billion in debt every year. Spending up, tax rates down, savings assured, gratitude maintained. In Martin's telling, this latest crusade ended up expanding the perfection of his budget along every axis. I wonder why the Liberals didn't write it that way the first time around.

And yet he has a chance of staying alive. It wouldn't be surprising, but it's still kind of amazing. His budget deal with Layton trades the shaky support of 99 Conservative MPs for the very slightly stronger support of 19 New Democrats. That would seem a dumb move. It wouldn't be Martin's first. But it may yet be the key to his continued, unlikely survival.



One of the big surprises in the NDP Liberal deal is how little of it amounts to a direct buyout of an identifiable client group (full disclosure: my girlfriend began working for the federal NDP caucus a few months ago. She said I have not discussed the Layton-Martin deal.) The environment, the homeless, and the sick and dying in Africa aren't big voters in Canadian elections. Students are, and for me the Martin-Layton plan to reduce tuition fees is the biggest deal in the package. Even if the money goes just the rocky shoals of federal-provincial relations—no sure thing—so much of it will brighten the smiles of students who have no trouble affording tuition (the little will go to the students who do have trouble. It's a really inefficient use of scarce dollars).

But the rest of the package? Enthusiastic. Layton saw a firmer commitment from Martin for foreign aid than Bono the rock star did. And the Layton-Martin deals so-

cial-housing component has fans in surprising places. Anne Golden, the president of the Conference Board of Canada and former head of the Toronto real-estate homelessness, said she was encouraged to hear the awarded budget will have enough money for affordable housing. "Everything I know about homelessness tells me you can't fix it without an affordable-housing program," she said.

I don't want to get too carried away with the details of the deal. It deserves a future that could still change. An early election would derail it, and so would yet another dubious Martin betswager.

Three final thoughts.

First, this is Layton's best opportunity ever to be taken seriously. And he has that chance because he discarded much of his agenda. The NDP leader's platform last year was an absurd shopping list of programs for every conceivable race. In the crunch, Layton decided what mattered, which meant deciding what wasn't lost. One pressure was a novel exercise.

Second, is anyone else noticing how badly Stephen Harper handles a bad day? His response to the Layton-Martin deal was to complain it didn't have enough bribes for client groups. "Nothing for workers, nothing for factory workers in that \$5 billion, nothing for seniors, nothing for fisheries, nothing to help the Atlantic offshore... nothing for the problems here in this area," he moaned in southern Ontario. If Harper doesn't want to be accused of harboring a hidden agenda, he should get an agenda.

Finally, I was kind of awful last week, wishing Paul Martin had ever sold any government policy as energetically as he has about saving his own bacon. He still wants to be prime minister mostly because he wants to be prime minister. It shouldn't be surprising, but it's still kind of amazing. **W**

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